

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN
CIDER MAKERS H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

CHAMPAGNE CIDER
Also in Baby Bottles

EL TROVADOR JAMAICAN CIGARS



Aristocrat of Liqueurs



Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., York Place, Edinburgh.

Apollinaris is 'sparkling' spring water

The Apollinaris spring overlooks the Rhine Valley. From it comes the soft water, naturally aerated, affectionately known as Polly. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky. **Ask for 'Scotch and POLLY'**



SHERRY
GONZALEZ
TIO PEPE
(Regd. Trade Mark)
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

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By appointment
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Brewers
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The great Ale of England



By appointment Cyder makers to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN · THE LATE QUEEN MARY
WILLIAM GAYMER & SON LTD · ATTLEBOROUGH & LONDON

GAYMER'S
CYDER

FOR THOSE WITH A TASTE FOR QUALITY

For your throat

Allenburys
PASTILLES

Made from Glycerine and Blackcurrants

In tins from
all Chemists **1/9**

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1





The world famous sherry THAT'S SOLD IN A SACK

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
SHERRY

BODEGAS : JEREZ-DE-LA-FRONTERA, SPAIN

LONDON HOUSE: 35 SEETHING LANE, EC3



No friends like old friends . . .

For smokers everywhere the famous figure of the Player's Sailor stands staunch and dependable as ever: a solid assurance of pleasure to come, the very symbol of all that's best and most enjoyable in good tobacco.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO



It opens doors...

The Wolseley Six-Ninety is a richly appointed motor car that will take you from A to Z with effortless power and speed. Moreover, its quiet air of distinction, its suggestion of authority and success make it a valuable *aide* on those diplomatic missions where favourable impressions can be decisive and fruitful. It is in fact a most sought-after car by the busy and ambitious man of affairs and—because of its very reasonable price—no less attractive to his Company.



Buy wisely—buy

WOLSELEY

WOLSELEY SIX-NINETY

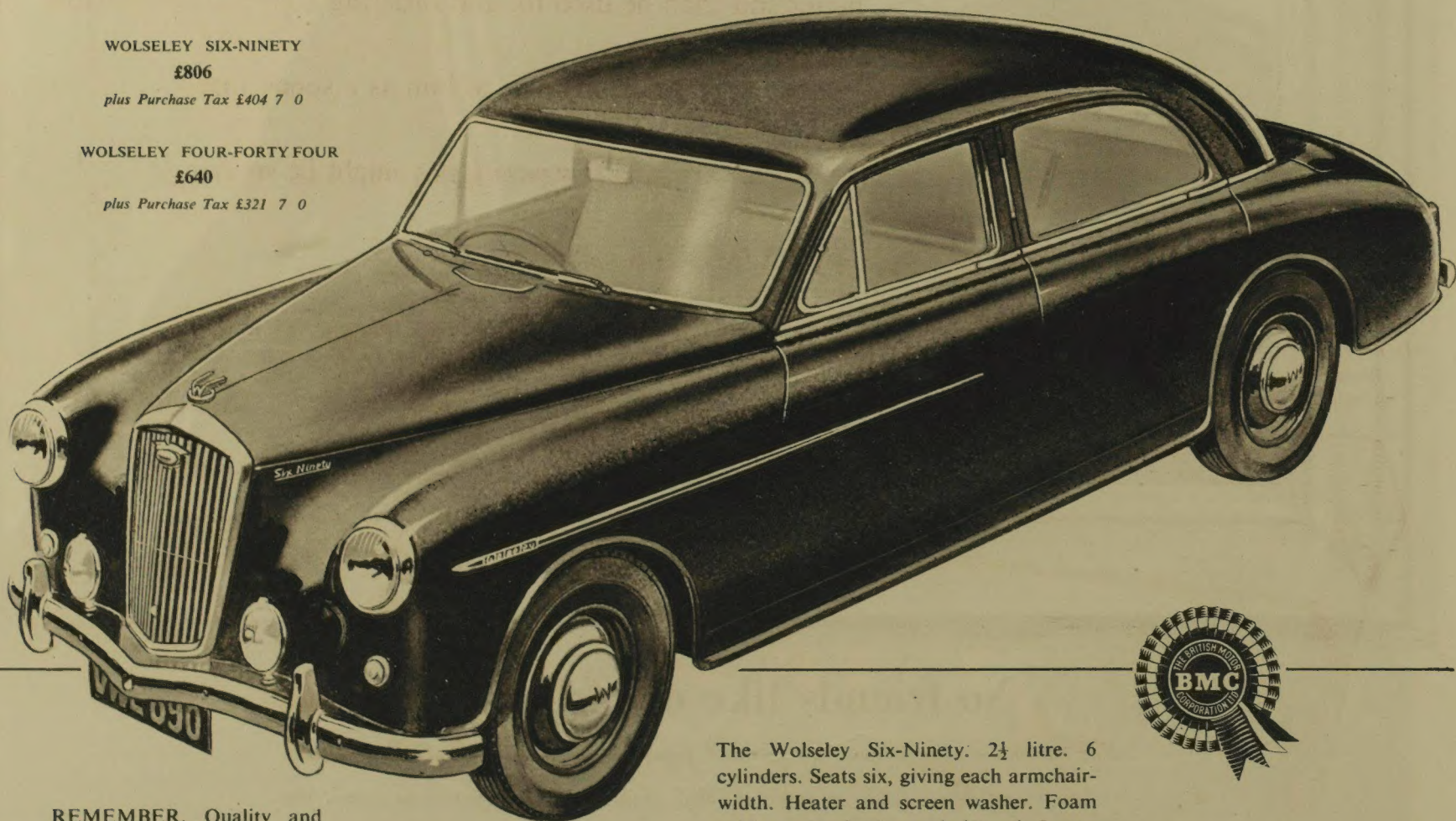
£806

plus Purchase Tax £404 7 0

WOLSELEY FOUR-FORTYFOUR

£640

plus Purchase Tax £321 7 0



REMEMBER. Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

The Wolseley Six-Ninety. 2½ litre. 6 cylinders. Seats six, giving each armchair-width. Heater and screen washer. Foam rubber seats leather upholstered. Large, unencumbered luggage boot. Superb performance and road-holding. A no less distinguished Wolseley is the four cylinder Four-Fortyfour.



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

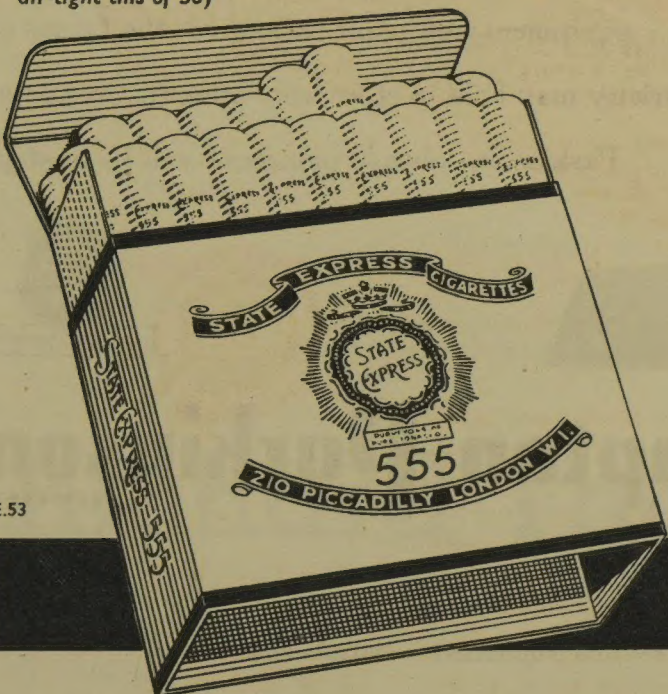
London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley Street, W.1. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.



**SMOKE SHOWS THE
WAY THE WIND BLOWS**

There's a day in a man's life
when he realizes that he's wearing a much
better suit than he used to, and ordering a far more expensive
dinner. Then perhaps it comes to him as a shock that
for the sake of a few pennies he might be smoking
the best cigarettes in the world.

4/- FOR 20
also in 10 • 25 • 50 • 100
(including round
air-tight tins of 50)



E.53



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.

**STATE EXPRESS
555**

The Best Cigarettes in the World

SOURCES OF POWER

Natural fuels

When first a steam engine was coupled to a dynamo, the world's natural stores of coal and oil became a treasure house. Awed, as he is apt to be, by sudden realisations of Nature's wonders, Man summoned the aid of poetry. Coal became black diamonds : oil became black gold. Not vast exaggerations, after all ; because in countries where water power was restricted these were—and still are—the only fuels available for generating electricity.

It is over three-quarters of a century since Colonel Crompton first used a steam driven generator to produce electric light ; and since that time the firm of Crompton Parkinson Ltd. has been well to the fore in the development of electrical equipment and plant. Whatever the future of electricity may hold in store, rely upon it, Crompton Parkinson—always pioneers—will be in step.



Crompton Parkinson LIMITED

MAKERS OF ELECTRIC MOTORS OF ALL KINDS

ALTERNATORS & GENERATORS • SWITCHGEAR

B.E.T. TRANSFORMERS • CABLES • INSTRUMENTS • LAMPS

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT • BATTERIES • STUD WELDING EQUIPMENT • TRACTION EQUIPMENT • CEILING FANS

CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD • CROMPTON HOUSE • ALDWYCH • LONDON • W.C.2 • TELEPHONE: CHANCERY 3333

A nice joint
of
Steel Sheet



Your meal owes a lot to steel sheets. Your oven,
baking tins and a whole array of household equipment,
including the refrigerator, are made from steel sheets
or from tinplate—which is steel coated with tin.

These are but a few of the many articles by which
your daily life is linked with the products of

**Richard Thomas
& Baldwins Ltd**

A GREAT NAME IN STEEL SHEETS AND TINPLATE



"RAM CAUGHT IN FLOOD" by Sidney Nolan

No. 13 in a series of advertisements showing the work of contemporary artists.

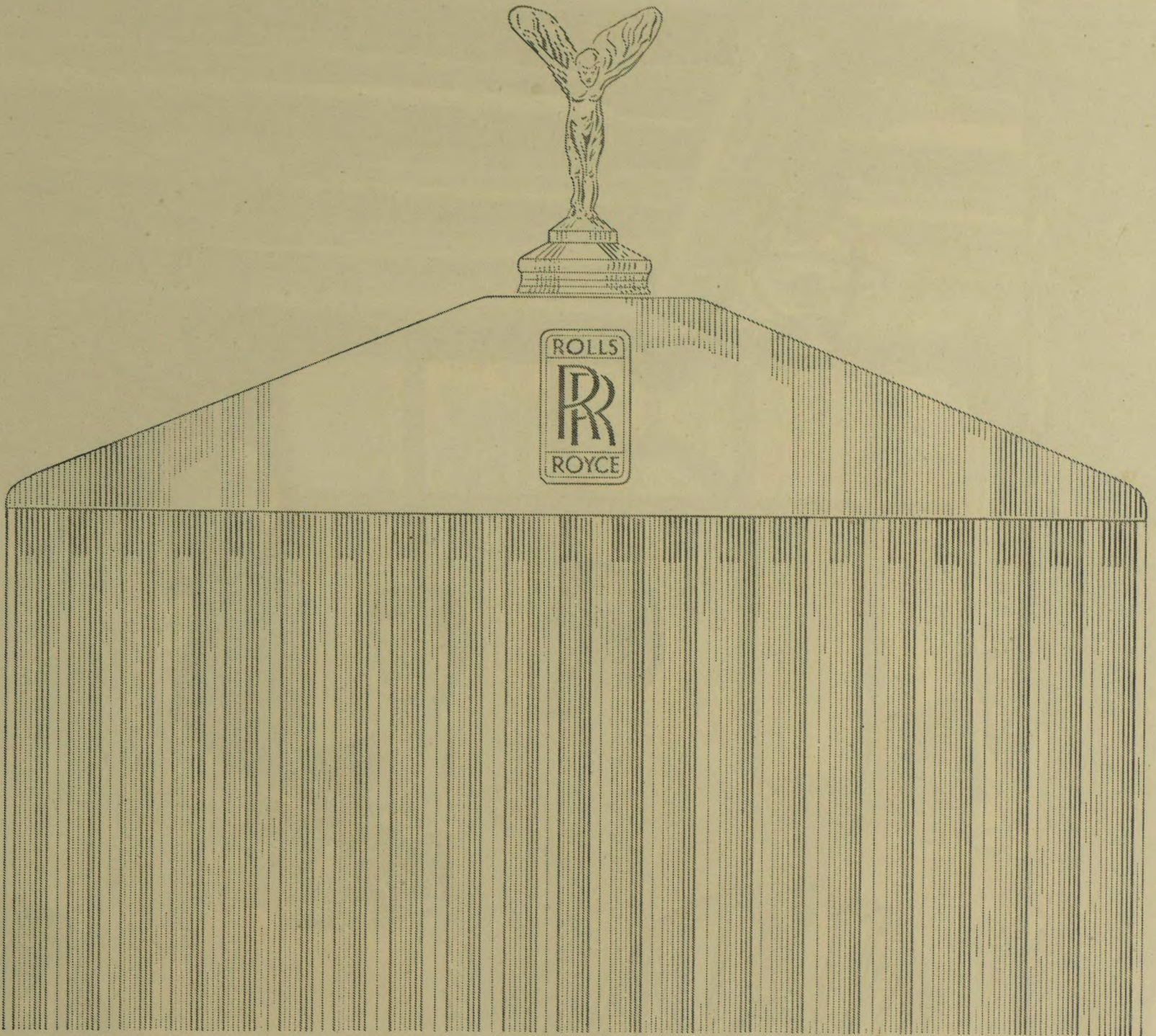
A BIG NAME IN THE CHEMICAL WORLD

Brotherton

One of the world's largest manufacturers of hydrosulphites, liquid sulphur dioxide and hexamine. Makers of an extensive range of Metachrome dyes for dyeing wool in all its forms.

Brotherton & Co. Ltd., City Chambers, Leeds, 1. Telephone: Leeds 2-9321

Telegrams: "Brotherton, Leeds".



*For nearly 50 years the name Rolls-Royce has been
recognised as a standard of excellence.*

*This reputation, established and maintained by its motor cars,
is further enhanced by Rolls-Royce aero engines,
oil engines and petrol engines all over the world.*



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir."

The experienced traveller needs no guiding signposts to where he may find high standards consistently pursued. And at his journey's end, in the cities, or remote from the beaten track, he will also find cigarettes by **BENSON** and **HEDGES** —for all those occasions when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TOBACCONISTS
BENSON & HEDGES LTD

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD · OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W

TBW/LA14

The lustre and loveliness of any room are set off by the beauty
of the BMK carpet which it contains. These
BMK carpets are not only a delight to the eye—they are also
guaranteed mothproof and of all-wool pile.

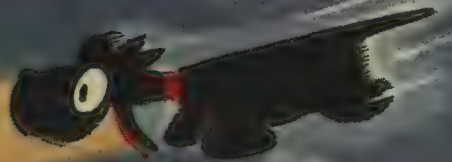


Guaranteed Mothproof

Carpets and Rugs



BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

Inn-Sign Rhymes

THE dog, whose master's normal gait
is little more than crawling,
can only just keep up with him,
when Double Diamond's calling



A DOUBLE DIAMOND works wonders



If you know this you know Thermotank

To the traveller by aircraft, ship or train the 'punkah louvre' symbolises comfort. It is one of the patents of Thermotank Limited, the pioneers of air conditioning whose equipment brings warmth to North Atlantic winters, cool breezes to tropical summers, protects ships' cargoes and dilutes and extracts dangerous gases in coal mines. In fact wherever control of the atmosphere is essential for physical comfort

or industrial processes, Thermotank equipment will produce the required conditions.

Air conditioning of ships was first carried out by Thermotank nearly fifty years ago, and marine installations are still the company's major activity. To ensure that ships' air conditioning problems are dealt with speedily, Thermotank have built up an unrivalled service organisation covering every major shipping route in the world.



THERMOTANK LIMITED · GOVAN · GLASGOW
Telephone: Govan 2444

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEWCASTLE, AUSTRALIA, CANADA, GERMANY,
HOLLAND, SCANDINAVIA, SOUTH AFRICA, PERSIAN GULF, U.S.A.



BRITISH MOTORISTS WROTE THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR *BP Energol 'Visco-Static'* MOTOR OIL



- Brockbank

... went first pull of the starter

HERE IS JUST a selection from hundreds of letters sent to us about BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil. We think they will be of interest to other motorists especially those who want the best from their cars. Nearly all of these letters report easier starting, livelier running and lower petrol consumption. But even more important is the 80% reduction in engine wear with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. This has been proved in tests by the new radio-active wear detector.

Morning starting now a joy

"BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil has more than exceeded my expectations in doing everything that you claimed for it. Morning starting is now a joy, a 2½ year old battery turns over my six-cylinder engine at a brisk rate when ice cold."

G. S. Clarkson,
288, Highfield Road, Blackpool.

Had only to touch the choke

"Three weeks ago I had a works replacement engine fitted to my Ford Prefect and decided to try your new BP Energol 'Visco-static' oil. I thought you would like to know that my miles per gallon are at least five more than ever experienced before, starting much easier and even this morning after a cold night I had only to touch the choke."

J. R. Watkins,
26, Glenwood Ave., Kingsbury, N.W.9.

Saves my battery

"I feel I ought to pay warm tribute to BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil. My Ford Anglia sits out all night and during the severe frost and snow of last winter I found that my engine started up in the morning just as easily as if it were hot. It means a tremendous saving to my battery as well as to my peace of mind."

Rev. M. C. A. Thompson,
Ballymoney, Ireland.

Performance transformed

"I am enthusiastic about your BP Energol 'Visco-static' oil which has undoubtedly transformed the performance of my Morris Minor. The oil pressure runs slightly higher at normal cruising revs, which seems to me amazing with such a thin oil. I recently completed a day's run of 216 miles with two adult passengers using just five gallons of petrol."

B. E. Joyner,
27, Greenhill Avenue, Caterham, Surrey.

42 miles per gallon

"I changed over to BP Energol 'Visco-static' oil for a trip to Spain early in May and covered 2,350 miles driving hard. At no time was any oil added and on my return to the garage 16 days later the oil level was checked and it required just ½ pint to top it up. My miles per gallon of petrol for this trip averaged out at 42.

The car I was driving was a 1955 1192 c.c. Volkswagen. I feel sure that with this oil you have a winner."

T. C. Blanchard,
Hurst Green, Sussex.

Will it get too thin?

"I have been considering whether to use your new 'Visco-static' oil in my Hillman Minx but have been told that this oil gets thinner as it gets colder and in very cold weather might get dangerously thin. Is this true?"

E. W. Hobbs,
6, Westgate Road, Beckenham.

Answer—No.

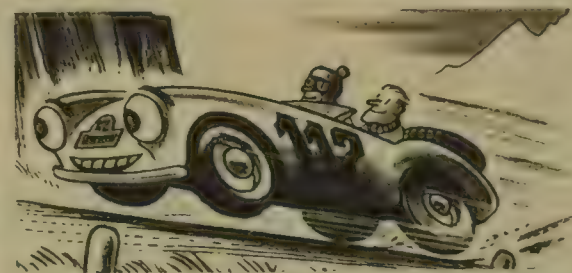
All oils are thicker at lower temperatures than they are at higher temperatures and BP Energol 'Visco-static' is no exception to this rule. But its viscosity changes far less with alteration of temperature than does the viscosity of conventional oils. BP Energol 'Visco-static' in your Hillman Minx will give easier starting from cold as well as better lubrication at full engine heat.

Behaved superbly in Rally

"I am a most enthusiastic motorist, running a 1947 1½ litre Riley for business and pleasure. Since changing to BP Energol 'Visco-static' I find that I can immediately drive from cold at any speed I choose, even 70 miles an hour with perfect confidence.

My Riley behaved superbly in the Scottish International Rally and never gave me a moment's anxiety. My present mileage is 51,500, new pistons being fitted at 40,800."

H. J. Rilett,
Gateford Road, Worksop, Notts.



... behaved superbly in International Motor Rally



ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

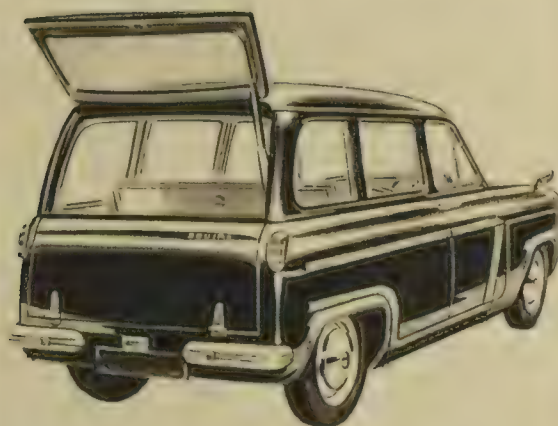
'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited

**ESCORT £414**

Plus P.T. £203. 7. 0

For loads and leisure

TWO FORD '5-STAR' SPACEWAGONS

**SQUIRE £445**

Plus P.T. £223. 17. 0

SEE THESE CARS AT YOUR FORD DEALER'S



'5-STAR' MOTORING

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM

POPULAR.....£275 Plus P.T. £133. 17. 0

ANGLIA.....£360 Plus P.T. £181. 7. 0

ANGLIA de Luxe.....£382 Plus P.T. £192. 7. 0

PREFECT.....£395 Plus P.T. £198. 17. 0

PREFECT de Luxe.....£420 Plus P.T. £211. 7. 0

...and "the Three Graces"

NEW CONSUL.....£520 Plus P.T. £261. 7. 0

NEW ZEPHYR.....£580 Plus P.T. £291. 7. 0

NEW ZODIAC.....£645 Plus P.T. £323. 17. 0

...and Ford Service too!

*"Beauty, Firmness and Convenience
are the principles"*



—Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723)



IF ARCHITECTURAL VALUES CHANGE with the centuries, architectural principles don't. Some of the basic concepts of Wren are curiously applicable to modern office blocks, factories and other large buildings constructed with Wallspan outer walls.

Employing new materials, Wallspan brings a happy atmosphere of light and air into workplaces and schools. It also gives rare beauty and colour to façades, as well as fantastic speed in their construction.

What Wallspan is. The weight of a modern building is borne entirely by the structural frame: the outer walls are simply protective and decorative. Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy, which is bolted to the weight-carrying frame. Into it go windows and doors.

Wallspan Beauty. The Wallspan grid is completed with any of a vast range of beautiful panellings faced in glass, stone, metal or other material—giving your architect striking opportunity for freshness and colour in design—giving you a building to be proud of.

Wallspan Firmness. Wallspan walls lose nothing in strength or durability by being light and bright. A Wallspan wall is as durable, stable and weatherproof as walls of traditional materials. It offers, in fact, more—not less—internal protection, since you can have panelling which gives up to 50 per cent. *better* insulation against cold—or heat—than cavity brick walls.

Wallspan Convenience. Wallspan affords altogether new standards of convenience. The grid members are so light that one man can handle them. So simple to erect that multi-story walls go up in *days*. So sensible that no painting or pointing-up is ever needed. Your window cleaners can keep Wallspan walls clean.

Finally, owing to its slim section, Wallspan can give you extra rentable floor space round every floor of a completed building whose human occupants enjoy a wonderful sense of airiness and freedom.

Why not have a word with your architect about the possibilities of Wallspan for any new buildings you may have in mind!

WALLSPAN

CURTAIN WALLING WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS

RELiance WORKS • CHESTER

WALLSPAN IS GOING UP ALL OVER THE WORLD

Round Africa Voyages

**20%
OFF**

No holiday can take you so completely 'out of this world' as the 9-weeks, 15,000-miles voyage round the African continent. By taking advantage of this reduced fare offer, you can enjoy it at very reasonable cost. You rest and relax in tonic sea air and sunshine, with the ship as your hotel, from London back to London.

Reduced fares as under operate during May, June and early July.

£276 FIRST CLASS;

FROM £202 ONE CLASS

Details—also of reduced Mailship fares to South Africa—from your Travel Agent or 3 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3



UNION-CASTLE

At sea you can rest, relax and recuperate



Supreme in performance...comfort...style



On long runs, the speed,
performance and endurance
quickly take you to the
front and keep you there.
And the Sunbeam is so
gracious too . . . its modern
styling and luxurious finish
give it pride of place
in any company.

£835 (P.T. £418.17.0.) (Overdrive, White-Wall
Tyres and Overrides available as extras)

A ROOTES PRODUCT

1956 MONTE CARLO RALLY
Sunbeam wins Manufacturers' Team Prize outright

the supreme
Sunbeam
Mk III SPORTS SALOON

A TWOFOLD JOB...



All over the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC exports are earning both hard and soft currencies to pay for Britain's necessary imports of food and raw materials. This is the assembled speed ring for one of three 30,000-h.p. water turbines being supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to New Zealand's Atiamuri hydro-electric power station.



Supplying power to the town of Jesselton and surrounding districts in British North Borneo, the three 715-h.p., 600-r.p.m. diesel alternator sets seen on the left, and the high-voltage and low-voltage switchboards on the right, were supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to the new Jesselton Power Station, which replaces two existing power stations.



How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

Britain is busy now, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals . . . this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure still better living for Britain. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries use this energy for production—

production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; about half the Group's business is overseas, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important twofold contribution to Britain's economic progress.

To young men and their parents. To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department.



Power in industry. (Above) ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors and other electrical equipment are helping production in all industries. This ENGLISH ELECTRIC "Magamp" motor control is applied to the motor driving the conveyor on a multi-core cable-making machine. The diameter of the cable is determined by the speed at which it is extruded; the speed is precisely controlled by the "Magamp."

Hard workers (below) on British Railways, over 450 diesel-electric shunting locomotives powered by ENGLISH ELECTRIC equipment are in service or on order. One of them is seen in the Inward Marshalling Yard at Hull. ENGLISH ELECTRIC diesel-electric locomotives, to haul goods and fast passenger trains, will play an important part in modernizing Britain's railways.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

bringing you



better living

The English Electric Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 Partners in Progress with NAPIER, MARCONI, VULCAN and ROBERT STEPHENSON & HAWTHORNS in The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Group

**BARON
TAKES TEA
WITH
MRS. ERIC
FONTAINE**

Photographer Baron chose the drawing-room for this charming study of Mrs. Eric Fontaine and her three daughters: twelve-year-old Patricia and the ten-year-old twins, Victoria and Miranda. Mrs. Fontaine is the wife of Major Eric Fontaine, and the daughter of the late Sir Alwin Dickinson, K.C.M.G. and Lady Dickinson. Until recently the Fontaines have been living at Torremolinos in Spain, but they have now made their home at Old Surrenden Manor, near Ashford, Kent. The Manor, said to date before the Conquest, is one of the loveliest and oldest residences of its kind in England.



MRS. FONTAINE: Here we are, Mr. Baron—Patricia, the twins, and myself. Have a cup of tea and tell us what we are to do. Are the jodhpurs in order?

BARON: Absolutely perfect. The riding kit is just what I want . . . I had in mind an informal group with plenty of atmosphere. After all, *The Manor* is really quite unique, isn't it?

MRS. FONTAINE: Indeed, it is. Built before the Conquest, you know . . . it's practically a Domesday Book in itself. You will have a cup of tea?

BARON: Thank you, yes . . . and from that lovely tea service! I've been admiring it . . . not quite so time-honoured as *The Manor*, perhaps . . . but quite superb. Queen Anne isn't it? And your own special blend of tea, too, I'd risk a bet.

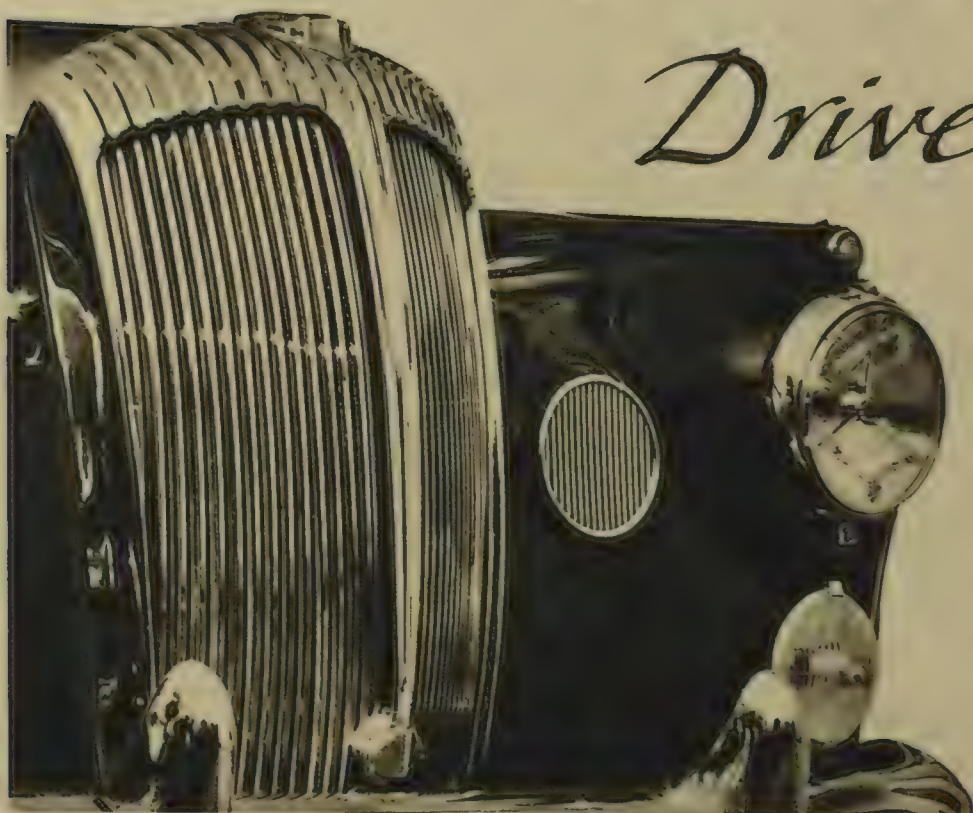
MRS. FONTAINE: Well, I'll let you in on our secret. The service is Queen Anne, and we do think our tea is pretty good. But I don't have it made up specially. In fact, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I simply order it from the grocer at Bethersden with everything else. Always fresh that way, and much the easiest. Weak or strong?



The new Daimler 3½ litre 'One-O-Four' saloon

*Get there swifter...
safer... fresher...*

Drive DAIMLER



The NEW 1956 Daimler Range:

DAIMLER "CONQUEST" 2½ LITRE

'Conquest Mk. II' Saloon	£1,735. 7. 0
'Century Mk. II' Saloon	£1,897. 7. 0
The New Drophead Coupé	£2,041. 7. 0

DAIMLER 3½ LITRE and 4½ LITRE MODELS

3½ litre 'One-O-Four' Saloon	£2,828. 17. 0
3½ litre 'One-O-Four' Lady's Model	*£3,076. 7. 0
4½ litre 4-light Saloon	£3,440. 17. 0
4½ litre DK.400 Limousine	£4,190. 17. 0

(All prices include purchase tax)

**This new reduced price enables the special Lady's items to be purchased as optional extras item by item to choice.*

The Daimler Company Limited, Radford Works, Coventry



*An example of the
Dowsett Standard Building*

DOWSETT

AIRY

Light and airy but fully insulated with hollow floors and walls and ample air space over ceilings

FAIRY

A fairy story of not long ago :

Office block covering 13,000 super feet—commencement of erection to occupation—12 weeks

Except for doors there is no external woodwork and except for the window frames, no exposed steelwork

The whole building, including roof, is precision made self-coloured pre-stressed and precast concrete

DOW-MAC (PRODUCTS) LTD

Manufacturers, designers, and patentees of normally reinforced and PRESTRESSED PRECAST CONCRETE using the Dow-Mac Patented Process in the largest, up-to-date production facilities of their type in the world.

RAILWAY SLEEPERS
BEARING PILES
SHEET PILES
BRIDGE BEAMS
SPECIAL PRODUCTS

DECKING
FLOOR BEAMS
FLOORING
TRANSMISSION POLES
KERBS & SLABS

CONCRETE BUILDINGS
FENCING
WALLING SLABS
ROOF BEAMS
COMPLETE ROOFS

TALLINGTON, STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE

Telephone: Market Deeping 501 (10 lines).

Telegrams: Dow-Mac Stamford

Works also at WARRENPOINT COUNTY DOWN NORTHERN IRELAND

Telephone: Warrenpoint 265

*Inventions in
Guinness Time...1885*

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

Four headlong miles an hour at least
I hurtle on my way,
My horn entrances man and beast
With its melodious bray.

In vain the peeler's outraged cry,
In vain the Bench's frown;
I only stop when I've boiled dry
Or when I've broken down.

I don't mind these, though I admit
My steed is far from trusty.
There's Guinness in my break-down kit,
So Life is not so dusty.

Guinness is good for you

"Why can't they travel by train, like Nature intended?"

Copies of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10

G.E.2570

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1956.



(UPPER.) BEFORE THE START OF THE RACE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WAVING "GOOD LUCK" TO HER HORSE *DEVON LOCH* AND HIS JOCKEY, R. FRANCIS. WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER ARE (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARGARET AND H.M. THE QUEEN.

(LOWER.) THE WINNER OF THE 1956 GRAND NATIONAL: *E.S.B.* BEING LED IN BY HIS OWNER, MRS. L. CARVER, AFTER THE RACE.

VICTOR—AND THE TRAGICALLY VANQUISHED: THE 1956 GRAND NATIONAL.

The 1956 Grand National, which was run at Aintree in good weather on Saturday, March 24, will be long remembered for one of the most unlucky events which has ever occurred in the history of this great race. Only 50 yards from the winning post the Queen Mother's horse *Devon Loch*, with R. Francis in the saddle, seemed certain of victory when, suddenly,

the horse slipped and his hind legs went from under him. From full gallop he came to a dead stop in a stride. Meanwhile Mrs. L. Carver's *E.S.B.*, ridden by D. Dick, went by to win by ten lengths from the mare, *Gentle Moya*, with the 1954 Grand National winner, *Royal Tan*, third. Other photographs of the race appear elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN the scale of time remembered I believe that, if our country and our civilisation survive, Lord Trenchard will always be held one of the great men of our history. But for him it is most improbable that the Royal Air Force would have had a separate and continuous Service existence for twenty-one years before the Battle of Britain, and, but for that existence, the Battle of Britain would undoubtedly have been won by the Luftwaffe. Had that happened, the world, and certainly this country, would be a very different place to-day. In other words, Hugh Trenchard changed the course of history. That is a remarkable thing to be able to say of any single man, and I do not feel there is any man living in Britain to-day of whom one could say it with the same certainty. Even Winston Churchill, by any measure one of the very greatest Englishmen of all time, may not have been wholly indispensable for our survival in 1940 and so our victory in 1945. It is possible, though I do not think at all probable, that we should still have survived and even won the war without his magnificent leadership, just as we won the Napoleonic Wars, when we stood in almost as grave a plight, without a political leader of Churchill's or Elizabeth's stature. But we could not have survived and won the war without the R.A.F.'s victory in 1940, and without Trenchard's life of service that victory would not have been won. Perhaps, had he never lived, some other man would have been thrown up by Fate during the First War and in the 'twenties who would have achieved the same result and won, by his intensity of conviction, skill and devotion, an independent existence for a new Fighting Service and inspired it with the same spirit as that with which this great Englishman inspired the R.A.F. But, knowing something of the history of that time and of the personalities who made it, I cannot conceive who.

Whenever I talked with Lord Trenchard I was conscious of this historical aspect of his life and felt that I was listening to a man of destiny. This was in some ways strange, for he was a particularly modest and unassuming man, and, though possessed of a first-class intellect, remained curiously like a boy to his dying day. He had the enthusiasm of a boy, and the single-mindedness of a boy, and the honesty and transparent sincerity of a boy. He was, irrespective of age, the youngest person I have ever met; it was impossible to think of him as old, even when as during his last few years he was almost completely blind, and breathing, with a heroism which was as unself-conscious as it was part of his fine and generous nature, through a single and gravely impaired lung. He continued to go about the world with the same undiminished zest and purpose as he had done in his vigorous prime. Beyond apologising for not recognizing one till one spoke and for his occasional scantiness of breath, he seemed completely unconscious of his physical infirmities; his only concern was to pour out, with an enthusiasm that was as infectious as it was touching, whatever was in his mind at the moment. He was always on fire with enthusiasm, and yet—and it was this that made his conversation so interesting—it was an enthusiasm shot through with a shrewd, sober and penetrating common sense. He was an idealist and expected as much of others as he gave himself, yet his idealism was firmly based on human nature and its capacities. He was never intolerant of weakness in those he led, but taught them how to find strength in themselves. He made other men stronger and better, not by setting before them an impossible goal, but by making them aware of what he himself had attained and habitually practised. His views were as sound as his advocacy of them was impassioned. This, in my experience, is a most unusual combination, and I suspect that Lord Trenchard must sometimes in his career have been handicapped by a suspicion on the part of men in authority, who are nearly always allergic to enthusiasm, that his zeal was excessive and incompatible with sound views. Yet, though, to use a colloquialism, he was always trying to sell something, he never attempted to sell anything that was not worth buying. He sold this country as a working proposition the finest idea it has had in the present century, and in 1940 that idea saved Britain and the cause of human freedom with it. The R.A.F. knows this. I wonder if the rest of the nation does.

Often, in small matters with which I have been concerned, I was struck by this rare combination in him of generosity, idealism and enthusiasm with an eminently practical and worldly sense of how to bring his ends to pass. I shall always remember an occasion when the widowed mother of

a small boy, whose father had fought in the Battle of Britain, telephoned, in great anguish and anxiety, about a serious scrape into which her son had become involved as a result of a daring but foolish escapade at school. I was in a remote part of the country at the time and was at my wits' end to know what to do, but, valuing Lord Trenchard's counsel so much and knowing what he felt about the country's responsibility to those who had given their lives in the war, I at once wrote to him. He had never heard of the boy, and, though his father had won a D.F.M. in the Battle of Britain and a D.F.C. and Bar subsequently, it was unlikely—for he was then nearly eighty—that he remembered his name. But by eleven o'clock next morning he had telephoned to say that he had arranged an immediate meeting—and in the course of that very day—with the boy, his mother and an official of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. As a result of the judgment he formed of the boy's character and capabilities—and it was most shrewd and realistic, expecting neither too much, nor too little—and the train of events he set in course, an incident which might have had tragic consequences for a high-

spirited lad of promise ended happily and in a second chance which, I am glad to say, was most worthily taken. There must have been in Lord Trenchard's life hundreds, even thousands, of similar incidents where his practical help and the force of his great example made all the difference for someone between failure and success. He was the greatest leader of men I have ever known.

"There is a natural body," wrote St. Paul in that noble passage in *Corinthians*, which is read in the Burial of the Dead, "and there is a spiritual body." The transition from the one to the other can never be made in this world, and part of the pathos of death lies in the immense gulf which has to be crossed by men and women in that hour of anguish and passing. In Trenchard's case the gulf seemed so much smaller than it does for the generality of us. There was so much of spirit in the man that he seemed to belong to another and higher world while still forming part of this. During his funeral in the Abbey I think everyone who had known him was aware of this; we were not only bidding a friend farewell and honouring his memory and achievement, but were standing, in that vast, cold, glorious building, on the fringes, as it were, of a mystery—the timeless union between the great spirit we had known and that which he had in life served and loved: the Christian ideal that England at her highest tries to attain to and of which age-long attempt this great church is the sanctuary. No one, of all the many great men who have been laid to rest here, was animated by a purer, nobler flame than his; none by that flame achieved more in his span of earthly years. For here all round us was the physical embodiment of it: the centuries-old Abbey itself which, but for his vision and constancy, would to-day have been rubble and ashes; and the representatives of the Service he had conceived and created. "Never in human history was so much owed by so many to so few," and the man who had said it in Britain's finest hour was standing by the choir side to honour the man who had made the sword—so frail-looking but so bright and strong—that in that hour, entrusted

to his strong hands, had saved Britain and the world. And in all that intensely moving service of farewell, recognition and dedication, there was one moment which I felt, above all others, expressed the spirit of the man we had come to honour. It was after his coffin had been borne from the great central point of the Abbey and from the concourse of the great and famous into that wonderful perpendicular Chapel of the Knights of the Bath and laid in the little inner Royal Air Force shrine which commemorates for all time the Battle of Britain. There, as it were, the Royal Air Force had given the ashes of its dear father to the Church's keeping and there, in the inner shrine of England, they rest for ever. And when the mourners had returned in sad procession to the body of the Church, the opening bars of Walford-Davies' noble R.A.F. March suddenly sounded, and the young heroes, in their Air Force blue and medals who had been acting as ushers, suddenly started to move spontaneously as though to emphasise the life and eternal youth and vigour of the Service he had created. It was just as he himself would have chosen it—the symbolic gesture of a Service which, like its founder, has always believed in the capacity of courage, gaiety and comradeship to overcome all things and prevail, as it prevailed in 1940, against the gates of death and destruction:

Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,

I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim!



LORD TRENCHARD, FIRST MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE AND CHIEF ARCHITECT OF BRITISH AIR POWER, DIED AT HIS LONDON HOME ON FEBRUARY 10, AGED EIGHTY-THREE.

Hugh Trenchard entered the Army in 1893 and served in various fields before he joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1912. During the first war he was largely responsible for building up the nucleus of what became the Royal Air Force in 1918. He himself became Air Marshal in 1919 and Marshal of the Royal Air Force in 1927. His death has removed a figure dear to all ranks of the Royal Air Force.



THE MOMENT IN WHICH JUBILATION AT THE PROSPECT OF A SEEMINGLY CERTAIN ROYAL VICTORY TURNED TO HORRIFIED INCREDULITY: THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL BOX AS *DEVON LOCH* SLIPPED. (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER MAJESTY STILL HAPPILY UNAWARE; THE PRINCESS ROYAL GASPING WITH DISMAY; CAPTAIN P. CAZALET (*DEVON LOCH*'S TRAINER) AGHAST; AND THE QUEEN MOTHER LOOKING VERY DISAPPOINTED. (Photograph by George Varjas/Reflex.)



THE MISHAP WHICH HORRIFIED AND AMAZED THE ONLOOKERS: *DEVON LOCH* SEEN IN A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MOMENT HE SLIPPED IN FULL GALLOP, THEN SLITHERED FLAT ON HIS BELLY, UNTIL HE PULLED HIMSELF UP AGAIN. (Pictures by British Newsreel Association Services, Ltd.)

WHY THE CHEERS SUDDENLY TURNED TO SILENCE: *DEVON LOCH*'S UNLUCKY MISHAP IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Nobody who was at Aintree on March 24 and saw the Grand National is ever likely to forget how narrowly, and by what bad luck, the Queen Mother's *Devon Loch* failed to become the second Royal winner in the history of the race. Only 50 yards from the winning post *Devon Loch* was in full gallop, some ten lengths in front of *E.S.B.*, when suddenly and inexplicably—the cause is unlikely ever to be known for certain—he slipped and came to a dead stop, then slithered flat on his belly with his legs stretched out. His jockey, R. Francis, managed to stay in the saddle while the horse

pulled himself up just as *E.S.B.* galloped past to win the race. The whole amazing and unlucky episode can be followed in the series of photographs shown on this page, as well as the scene in the Royal box at the moment when the jubilation, at the seemingly certain prospect of a Royal victory, turned in a second to disappointment and incredulity. The winner, Mrs. L. Carver's *E.S.B.* (by *Bidar* out of *English Summer*), trained by Mr. T. F. Rimell, ran a great race to win a victory which, while unhappily overclouded by *Devon Loch*'s unfortunate mishap, was his nineteenth win in steeplechases.



APPROACHING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE: CAMBRIDGE, HAVING GAINED AN EARLY LEAD IN THE 102ND BOAT RACE, REACHED HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE IN THE GOOD TIME OF 6 MINS. 50 SECS., 4 SECONDS AHEAD OF OXFORD.



A GREAT RACE DRAWS TO A CLOSE. AT MORTLAKE BREWERY CAMBRIDGE ARE STILL LEADING BY JUST OVER A LENGTH AND THEY WON THIS 102ND BOAT RACE BY A LENGTH AND A QUARTER, IN THE FAST TIME OF 18 MINS. 36 SECS.



THE FINAL STROKES: DESPITE THEIR GALLANT EFFORTS OXFORD HAVE FAILED TO BREAK THROUGH CAMBRIDGE'S LEAD AS THEY NEAR THE FINISHING POST AT CHISWICK BRIDGE.

A CLOSE STRUGGLE BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE: SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 102ND BOAT RACE.

The 102nd (by official reckoning) Boat Race was rowed from Putney to Mortlake on the morning of March 24th. The Cambridge crew, which was remarkable for its great weight, started as the favourites, and justified this by winning the race by a length and a quarter in the fourth best time in the 127 years' history of the race—18 mins. 36 secs. Cambridge led throughout the race, having gained half-a-length in the first minute. In the earlier stages of the race Oxford were not rowing at their best and it was only after Hammersmith Bridge had been passed



THE TWO UNIVERSITY CREWS SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WITH CAMBRIDGE FAIRLY COMFORTABLY IN THE LEAD. OXFORD NOW GREATLY IMPROVED THEIR ROWING AND HELD CAMBRIDGE ROUND THE LONG SURREY BEND.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE TWO CREWS AT DUKE'S MEADOWS. IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT OXFORD SEEMED MOST LIKELY TO OVERHAUL CAMBRIDGE IN THIS DESPERATE BATTLE.



THE RACE IS OVER, AND BOTH VICTORS AND DEFEATED ARE EQUALLY EXHAUSTED AS THEY REST ON THEIR OARS AFTER THE GRUELLING 102ND ANNUAL UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE WHICH DREW THE USUAL LARGE CROWDS TO THE TOW-PATH.

that they really settled down and presented a serious challenge to the much heavier Cambridge crew. At several stages in the second half of the course it looked as if Oxford might well bring it off, but Cambridge maintained their lead throughout the race and finally won by much the same distance that they had held at most of the vital points in the race. This race will go down as one of the most hard-fought ever. It will also be remembered because the Cambridge cox was 6 ft. 2 ins. in height, and is believed to have been the tallest man ever to cox a Boat Race crew.

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS IN EXILE: VIEWS OF THE LOVELY SEYCHELLES.



VICTORIA, CAPITAL OF THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS, FROM THE AIR. BEHIND THE PORT RISE THE TROIS FRERES PEAKS. SANS SOUCI IS FIVE MILES AWAY.



THE VIEW FROM SANS SOUCI, ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS' PLACE OF EXILE IN THE SEYCHELLES. IN THE FOREGROUND, MAMELLES VILLAGE AND, BEYOND, ST. ANNE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE CYPRIOT EXILES IN THE SEYCHELLES: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AND HIS COMPANIONS LEAVE H.M.S. LOCH FADA BY LAUNCH.



THE FOUR EXILES ENTERING VICTORIA HARBOUR: (L. TO R.) THE BISHOP OF KYRENIA, ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, IOANNIDES, AND ANOTHER PRIEST.



SANS SOUCI, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE SEYCHELLES, IN WHICH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE BEING ACCOMMODATED.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Greek Cypriot Enosis movement, who has been denounced by Field Marshal Sir John Harding for fostering terrorism to promote his political aims, was deported by air from Cyprus in an R.A.F. *Hastings* aircraft. Included in this exile were also the Bishop of Kyrenia, one of the extremists of Enosis, Polycarpus Ioannides, secretary of the Bishop and a former journalist, and a priest, Papastavros Papa-Agathangelou. After transfer to the minesweeper *Rosalind* of the Royal



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, THE LEADER OF THE GREEK CYPRIOTS, STEPS ASHORE AT VICTORIA, IN THE SEYCHELLES, TO BEGIN HIS EXILE.

East African Navy, the four exiles were again transferred to the frigate H.M.S. *Loch Fada*, and in this vessel taken to the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean. On March 14 the four exiles were brought ashore in a launch at Victoria, in Mahé, the largest of the islands. After landing, they were taken in two taxis by Superintendent Williams of the police to Sans Souci, the country house of the Governor, Sir William Addis, some five miles from the capital—in which they are being lodged during their exile.



BRITAIN'S CHANGING NAVY: A RETROSPECTIVE GLIMPSE, IN DIAGRAMMATIC FORM, OF OUR

For centuries the naval shape of a major naval engagement was determined by the number of capital ships involved. This remained true even up to the First World War, when, in fact, the battleship probably reached the zenith of its power and its influence on tactical sea warfare. But that same war produced the submarine, and the aircraft carrier, and the fleet oiler. By the mid-1930s, each one at a fraction of the cost of a large surface vessel, they scoured the sea, threatening Britain's food supplies and, as many war leaders have testified, almost brought this country to its knees. Thereafter, the pattern of future sea wars was set. In the Pacific, the United States Navy, the Japanese Navy and the Navy of 1919, with its seventy-two battleships and battlecruisers, shrunk during

In the next twenty years to a shadow of its former might. When the Second World War broke out, our battleship strength had fallen to fifteen: more serious, we had only fifty-nine submarines, and only six aircraft-carriers. The overwhelming lesson provided by the Second World War was that the battleship must needs be replaced by the submarine, and that the aircraft-carrier must be replaced by the aircraft-bomber. The metamorphosis was almost complete. Only five battleships were retained—and these have subsequently gone into reserve. We had thirteen aircraft-carriers of various types, and an appreciable number of fast escort vessels. Since then, the role of the battleship has been reduced to that of a target for the enemy to reshape our thinking. The present picture is of a small Fleet consisting of

NAVAL FORCES FROM 1919 TO THE PRESENT DAY. SHOWING THE DECLINE OF THE BATTLESHIP.

Even naval nomenclature has changed in meaning. For example, the frigate, now the most numerous class of ship in the Fleet, varies widely in size and in the duties it is called upon to perform; the class now ranges from the older types which carry only one or two aircraft to the speeds from sixteen to thirty-six knots. An entirely new category of Fleet

Escort ships—the "Daring" class—came into being, multipurpose part-experimental vessels with some of the characteristics of a heavy destroyer or a light cruiser. Guided missile ships are on their way, as are nuclear-powered submarines of enormous range. All future aircraft-carriers will have the angled flight deck necessary in the jet age, and many will carry aircraft for both the Navy and the Marine Corps. The Navy's fleet of fleet oceanographic atomic weapons—mines, torpedoes, and missiles—will grow. Many vessels are being modernized; there is a suggestion that others may go to the Commonwealth Navies. But the fate of the five immobilized plants that comprise the remnants of the great fleet of the United States is still uncertain. The USS *Albatross*, the Navy's largest ship, was completed as recently as 1946, at a cost of more than \$9,000,000.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

STANLEY BALDWIN—PRIME MINISTER AND MAN, BY HIS SON.

"MY FATHER: THE TRUE STORY." By A. W. BALDWIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"NO book on Stanley Baldwin," the publishers inform us, "has been, or is ever likely to be, written from an older and closer acquaintance with the subject than this one. In it Baldwin's younger son at last decides to break a long silence and to reveal all that he knows of his father's essential character and beliefs. In doing so he tells the authentic story, with special emphasis on the correctly documented history of rearmament in the 1930's, of the private and public life of the man whom old enemies and new circumstances combined to change, years after his retirement, from one of the best esteemed to one of the most hated men in England; and he gives credible reasons for this almost incredible reversal of opinion." I think there is some exaggeration here. Those who "hated" the old Baldwin were not those who "esteemed" the earlier one, but the sort of vile and ignorant people who (especially if hounded on by the gutter Press) take a delight in howling at scapegoats when things are going badly. Haldane, who had formed the Territorial Army and got the Expeditionary Force, was driven from office because he had once said (speaking purely as a philosopher) that Germany was his spiritual home, and for a long time received horribly abusive letters by the sack-load. He was a very sensitive man and found it hard to bear. I used, at that time, to dine with him occasionally, *tête-à-tête* in his pleasant Queen Anne's Gate house. After dinner, in his upstairs study, reminiscences and reflections would pour out, but the end tended always to be the same: tears in the old eyes, and a quotation of Emily Brontë's "Last Lines," "No coward soul is mine." But he had his consolations. He retained the confidence of the senior soldiers, and when Haig returned from France, Haldane was one of the first upon whom he called.

The two experiences were similar, not identical. Haldane had never possessed the wide "esteem" and affection, transcending party bounds, which had been Baldwin's in his prime, and Baldwin would never have disclosed his hurt. Innumerable letters reached him, of which a few are here quoted. "No punishment that may be meted out to you will be too great." "Your name would stink in the nostrils of every true Britisher." "Had you been loyal to your Country and your King, instead of being a *Traylor* . . . but you preferred to grind your own axe, whoever else suffered." "It is difficult," says his son, "to gauge the cumulatively depressing effect of all these letters, for he did not speak of them." If he did not speak of them in his own household, I'm sure that he didn't speak of them elsewhere. I saw him occasionally in those later years: he came, not very often, to London, always for some good public reason (I think the meetings of the Pilgrim Trust came in here), he had grown rather deaf, and it was not easy to talk to him about anything which mattered, because, even if one spoke about the weather in a raised voice, spectacled noses appeared over *Timeses* in reproach. But there was never a tear in *that* eye: only the dear old twinkle. And as Haldane was comforted by the Generals, when the rabble and the rabble-rousers were after him, so was Baldwin by the wartime Prime Minister. He and Winston Churchill had been at loggerheads for years. When he broke up the old Coalition Government he was almost as suspicious of the ex-cavalry subaltern Churchill as he was of Lloyd-George and F. E. Smith, who, to him, were unscrupulous adventurers. But (and there is a deep feeling about that in this book) when he came to London during the War, 10, Downing Street was always open to him. Churchill may have differed from him: but he knew an honest man when he saw him, perhaps all the more so because he was a fellow-Harrowian.

Haldane crashed on a single misinterpreted sentence; Baldwin on a single misinterpreted paragraph in a speech. One of the troubles of life is that the honest man blurts things out which may be misinterpreted, and that the man who is careful that no phrase of his shall ever give an opening to a cunning foe will cease to be sincere. The thing that followed Baldwin was a passage from a speech. He wanted rearmament against Germany. A by-election was fought in Fulham on that basis, and the by-election was overwhelmingly lost. Baldwin, with his usual honesty, said that his party's policy must be changed, because, if the by-election was a clue to a General Election, his party would be "out" in a General Election. He was thinking aloud, as usual: which was his great strength in various crises. Then, and much more later, the

cry arose that he was thinking of Party and not of Country.

Far from it. He was so straightforward that it didn't occur to him that everybody wouldn't read between the lines. His view was that it was better that the Conservative Party, which at least would scrape up as good a defence for us as it could, should remain in office than that a Labour Party should come

He was never an ordinary politician. His son divulges, with great reluctance, a letter he wrote in 1938 to a correspondent who wished to involve him in some peculiar sect, Baldwin himself being a sincere and communicating Christian. "It was," said the young ironmaster from Harrow and Cambridge, and a cousin of Rudyard Kipling, and, to my thinking, more deeply a poet, "during the War that I found my soul. There came to me by degrees a changed sense of values, and I began to feel that I might be used for some special work. I didn't know what. I had been very restless as a Member of Parliament, and felt I was no use to God or man. And I was becoming very well off, which rather frightened me, and I saw myself 'tame in earth's paddock as her prize.' So I began by getting rid of about £200,000 which I gave away, mostly anonymously. I felt better, as though I had pulled off my sweater for a race, though I didn't see where the race would be or how long the course. And gradually after much thought it seemed to me that all this bloodshed would be wasted if the world couldn't be made a better place; I felt that the men who had made such sacrifices and in such a spirit were capable of rising to any height, and I began to think out the kind of leadership the country would want when the peace came. The peace came, and by 1919 and 1920 the temper of this country was worse than it had ever been."

Many another such exposure of Baldwin's soul can be found in this book; more could be found in the speeches which he made to non-political bodies, in which he tended to reveal his poetic side. He was something of a saint and something of a poet; so I suppose he had to be something of a martyr. The type is rare in the House of Commons, where sincerity is suspect. I remember—roughly it must have been about twenty-five years ago—that there was a sort of revolt against Baldwin in the Tory Party, and a young Tory M.P., who was a friend of mine, told me that he was going to the meeting to deliver a harangue against Baldwin. Late in the day he returned to me and said "that astute old fox made rings round them all as usual." Baldwin had made the rings round them all not by astuteness but by utter honesty, to which they, like the rest of us, were not accustomed.

This is one of the noblest defences that ever a son has made of a father; but few sons have ever had nobler fathers to defend. It is beautifully



AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1892: STANLEY BALDWIN AND HIS WIFE LUCY (NÉE RIDSDALE). "BALDWIN'S POLITICAL CAREER MIGHT NOT HAVE GONE SO FAR IF HE HAD MARRIED ANY WOMAN OTHER THAN LUCY RIDSDALE."



APRIL 1929, THE YEAR OF THE "SAFETY FIRST" GENERAL ELECTION. THE PRIME MINISTER (MR. STANLEY BALDWIN) WITH THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—RIGHT).

Illustrations reproduced from the book "My Father: The True Story"; by courtesy of the publishers, George Allen and Unwin.

into office which was largely composed of disciples of Tolstoi and Gandhi, believed in a "collective security" which had been made ridiculous by the Kellogg Pact, and which crabbed everything military from the London Cadet Corps to the Singapore Base. He worded it unfortunately. But an honest, decenter, man never held the office of Prime Minister.

written, too. When Baldwin tried to write something late in life he said it was "bilge." It couldn't have been; his son, meanwhile, has proved himself a writer.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 264 of this issue.

* "My Father: The True Story." By A. W. Baldwin Illustrated. (George Allen and Unwin; 25s.)

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN NOVELIST DIES: MR. LOUIS BROMFIELD.

For many years a best-selling American novelist, Mr. Louis Bromfield died at Columbus, Ohio, on March 19, aged fifty-nine. His books include "Early Autumn," which won a Pulitzer Prize, "The Rains Came," and "Mrs. Parkington." He lived for many years near Paris before moving to a farm not far from his birthplace, where he experimented in soil conservation.



HIS SKILL SAVED A B.E.A. AIRLINER FROM DISASTER: CAPTAIN F. JENKINSON WITH STEWARDESS BETTY DILLON-TRENCHARD.

While flying at 9500 ft. on a journey from Belfast to London on March 27, a B.E.A. *Elizabethan* airliner narrowly missed a collision with a *Vampire* jet fighter. The pilot of the airliner, Captain F. Jenkinson, instinctively put his plane into a steep dive. The sudden jolt flung many of the passengers from their seats and several were injured, but none seriously.



GENERAL PERON'S SUCCESSOR DIES: LIEUT.-GENERAL EDUARDO LONARDI.

The provisional President of Argentina from the time of the revolution which overthrew General Peron to his own downfall on November 13, Lieut.-General Eduardo Lonardi, died in Buenos Aires on March 22, aged fifty-nine. He had been in bad health for some months and had received medical treatment in the United States shortly before his death. Ten days' national mourning were declared in Argentina.



STAR OF STAGE AND FILM: THE LATE MR. ROBERT NEWTON.

Mr. Robert Newton, who died at Hollywood on March 25, aged fifty, had been an actor all his life. He spent three years with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, before obtaining his first engagement in London. He made his first film in 1937, and he will be best remembered for his vigorous screen renderings of parts such as Bill Sikes in *Oliver Twist*.



DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ATOMIC WEAPONS: MR. ERIC S. JACKSON.

Mr. Eric S. Jackson, who is forty-six, has been appointed to the new post of Director-General, Atomic Weapons, as from April 1. He has been Under-Secretary, Ministry of Supply, since 1950. The post was established at the end of the term of office of Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan as Controller of Atomic Weapons.



DURING HER VISIT TO H.M.S. ARK ROYAL: THE QUEEN MOTHER STEPPING FROM A DAIS ON THE FLIGHT-DECK.

On March 28 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother flew to Portsmouth in a helicopter to visit the fleet-carrier H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, which she launched in May 1950. From a dais on the flight-deck the Queen Mother took the salute as nearly 1800 of the ship's company marched past.



NOMINATED AS BISHOP OF DURHAM: DR. M. H. HARLAND.

The Rt. Rev. Maurice Henry Harland, Bishop of Lincoln since 1947, has been nominated for election as Bishop of Durham in succession to Dr. Ramsey, who is the new Archbishop of York. Dr. Harland, who is fifty-nine, was educated at St. Peter's School, York; Exeter College, Oxford; and Leeds Clergy School. He was ordained in 1922.



SHORTLY TO ENTER R.A.F. SERVICE: ONE OF THE NEW PRODUCTION MODELS OF THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR BOMBER LANDING WITH PARACHUTE AID.

On March 26 Mr. Maudling, the Minister of Supply, opened a new aircraft erection hall at the Handley Page airfield at Radlett, Herts, and saw inside it a row of five production-type Victor crescent-wing bombers—evidence of progress in the R.A.F.'s "V"-class bombers. The *Valiant*



"EQUAL IN HITTING POWER TO ANY BOMBER KNOWN": THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR, DURING A DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY.

is already in service, and the delta-wing *Vulcan* will be going into service later this year. Mr. Maudling said that the Victor would be the equivalent in hitting power of any bomber aircraft known at present. While at Radlett he also saw a laminar flow research aircraft.

THE Doctors' Plot, the Beria and Malenkov crises, seemed a fair ration of surprises. But the post-war Soviet Union had not exhausted its store. The determined and ferocious attack on the memory of Stalin and his place in peace and war was more astounding than ever. It was astounding because on the surface there seemed to be no need for it. Let us suppose a simple and straightforward decision that there should be no more "Stalinism," no more personal autocracy, and that the governing of the Soviet Union should in future be managed as a matter of team-work. It seems absurd to imagine that in such a case there would be any necessity deliberately to throw the image of Stalin from its pedestal to the floor and smash it. We should have expected a gradual process of replacing the Stalinist ideology by another to suffice. At one moment it appeared that this was being done. In fact, the iconoclasts were working up to their climax.

The conclusion must be that the idol had to be overthrown and broken. One explanation has been that the industry of Russia has been switched over from production which would have benefited the consumer to other tasks, including that of increasing armaments; that this policy was likely to cause discontent; that the mass of the people would tend, or were already tending, to look back to the régime of Stalin with regret and to imagine that he, in the rôle of "father of his people," would have been more beneficent and spared them some of the hardship which they would as matters stood have to go on enduring. This is plausible enough. I find it more so than the official explanation that the cult of personality was abhorrent to Communism. That cult has not been confined to the case of Stalin in the past. And, once again, if it had to be abolished, it seems hardly credible that the business had to be done in so violent a way.

If the speculation which I have described as plausible in fact hits the mark, then the Stalin cult must, one would suppose, have assumed such proportions as to have become a danger to the present régime. I recall now a conversation with a friend who had had an interview with Stalin and had had opportunities for observing the Russian people over a number of years. This conversation took place not long before Stalin's death. My friend's impression was that vast numbers of Russians believed that while Stalin lived they would be preserved from war, but were filled with anxiety about what would happen when he was no longer there to control the destinies of the Soviet Union. If this belief persisted it would indeed be an embarrassment and probably also a danger to the men now in power. Even so, I continue to be astonished by the urgency which was clearly attributed to the dethronement of the national idol. The mind of the Kremlin is never easy to read. We are not even yet fully informed about what happened in the case of the fall and the death of Beria.

Not all the faithful inside Russia were prepared to accept without question the symbolical destruction of Stalinism. Those outside were even more at a loss, though they had presumably been given some indication of the party line. As is usually the case when an explosion within the party has occurred, the reactions in the satellite nations of Eastern Europe have been rather plainer than those in Russia itself, but still surrounded by secrecy. The party leaders were certainly perturbed. In France and Italy, the two western countries where Communism is strongest, the faithful have been more fully exposed to the view of outside observers. They were pained as well as bewildered. In both countries there had been a considerable cult of personality. In France M. Thorez, a sick man and now incapable of being more than a figurehead, had come back after years in Russia just because he could be a figurehead. Surely this was a glaring instance of the cult of personality.

Whatever the explanation of the onslaught on the mythical figure who was once regarded by millions as the saviour of the world, it would appear to be, in the main, an internal affair. I cannot see that it represents new dangers to the world outside Russia. The present rulers of Russia are engaged in a policy about which we can make a nearer approach to certainty than is usually the case. This policy is the welcome one of trying to avoid war in the near future, perhaps for a fairly distant future. Their ultimate aim is probably the same as before, the triumph of world Communism. They may think they can effect this without a shooting war. They may contemplate the possibility that at some time or another such a war

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HOW TO DETHRONE A NATIONAL IDOL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

will be required. This policy had been in force, though its conduct was not always consistent, for a long time before the blow to Stalin was dealt. We cannot suppose that it will be dropped. It is easier to imagine its becoming more enthusiastic.

The most interesting feature of the campaign of moral destruction is that it involves all that the anti-Communist States and peoples have held to be most typical of the rule of Communism in Russia, all that they have most deeply abhorred—and all that the supporters of Communist policy and rule, even in our

to secure, let us not say government by consent, which is too strong a term, but at least a wider measure of government with acquiescence. If this should prove to be the case it would certainly not be regrettable. The general impression that an autocracy supported by a strong officialdom, a loyal army, and a large and highly indoctrinated police force is equipped for a long spell of power and is difficult to upset is correct as far as it goes. It tends to blind us, however, to the fact that more is required in the long run. Outside the governing body, outside its immediate ideological supporters—in the Russian case not a large proportion of the population—there must be for safety's sake consent on the part of the majority.

We thought that this existed after the war under Stalin, at all events until near his end. We may have been wrong. But, whether we were right or wrong, the new régime may have felt the need to re-establish or establish it. Observers of Russia tend to fall into two classes, those who are not sceptical enough and those who are so sceptical that they profess they can detect the sinister in every development. In this instance I see no reason to believe that the change has sinister implications for the outside world. Such evidence as exists points rather the other way. We surely need not be sceptical on one point: that Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues desire to assure the Russian people of their intention to avoid the arbitrary savagery of the Stalinist past. If he is proffering such an assurance to them, will it not be to his advantage to keep his word unless circumstances force him to break it? I know that many will retort: "You are a dupe like all who try to see a bright side in Russia." I still think that the rejection of Stalinism is promising.

It does not justify complacency. It does not justify unilateral disarmament. It does not justify a belief that Communist propaganda abroad will diminish, or that the ultimate goal of world Communism has been displaced. To believe anything of the kind would be a more dangerous folly than to see a new form of attack in the spring-cleaning which the régime and the party has undergone. Unfriendly acts are still likely. Soviet fishing in the troubled waters of the Middle East was going on parallel with the ideological overthrow of the former idol and in the case of the armaments for Egypt and the training of Egyptians in their use is now discovered to be a more important intervention than was at first thought, at all events than was officially admitted. And this was more than a petty affair, more than the traditional pinprick, because it has greatly increased the danger of war in that region, which would be a grave embarrassment to the West.

No, our general policy will have to be in essence what it has been. We shall still have to rely on the perilous, costly, and distasteful defence strategy of the "equilibrium" of nuclear weapons, which means in brief that, without counting bombs and the aircraft which deliver them, the opposing sides in a nuclear war might be expected virtually to destroy each other and therefore that self-preservation will induce efforts to avoid a major war in which they would be used. To tell the truth, however, anyone who supposed that we should in the near future escape from this threat

and this burden was deluding himself. And, if the situation in this respect remains as before, some rather better hopes of its eventual improvement can be seen. The cynical may say that it is easy for me to write thus because I am not young enough to stand much chance of seeing them fulfilled, but this is my belief.

Whenever any violent change occurs in the Soviet Union, wiseacres wag their beards and say: "Ah, this is not going to be the last." No safer way of establishing an easy reputation for political profundity can be conceived. And yet, I have a feeling that the latest rearrangement is likely to be durable. If so, grounds exist for the forecast that relations will gradually become easier. Coexistence? The word is subtle, with more than one shade of meaning. There is coexistence even now, of a sort. If it is to be defined as tolerance on either side of differing philosophies and ways of

TO OUR READERS

FOR the 114 years of its existence *The Illustrated London News* has presented to its readers a continuous and comprehensive record of all important events throughout the world, and has, at the same time, mirrored the manners and customs of the British peoples. As a result it has been, and still is, a chief chronicle of the times and has been used by historians and biographers as an incomparably valuable source of information on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. During the past seven weeks the continuity of this chronicle has been broken, owing to a lamentable dispute between the London Typographical Society and the Master Printers, which made it impossible to produce *The Illustrated London News*. This has meant that you have had to be deprived of the journal, which to many has become a regular and important feature of your lives. We have suffered an equal disappointment in not being able to serve you and ensure the delivery to you of the weekly copy. Now that work has been resumed we have decided to give you not only the news of the current week, but also a digest of the important events which would have been treated fully in the missing seven issues; and so the chronicle, although abbreviated, may still be maintained.

We are happy to be able to put the present issue before you; and we take this opportunity of thanking the many readers who have sent us letters of sympathy and encouragement.

BRUCE S. INGRAM,
Editor.

own country, have up to the last moment loyally endorsed. It was taken for granted that this was Communism itself. The slaughter of thousands of officers of the Army, the majority of whom could have had no inkling of the Tukachevsky plot, was shocking indeed, but it seemed to be in character. The killing off of colleagues and of officials of deviationist views had become a commonplace. Now we who are not Communists and those who are learn



WEARING WHITE OVERALLS AS PROTECTION AGAINST POSSIBLE RADIOACTIVITY: MR. MALENKOV (CENTRE) DURING HIS VISIT TO THE ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH STATION AT HARWELL. HE IS EXAMINING THE REMOTE CONTROLS IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Mr. Malenkov, Soviet Minister of Power Stations, visited Britain's atomic energy research establishment at Harwell on March 19 and spent three hours being shown how isotopes are made, the "Bepo" reactor, and the uncompleted "Dido" heavy-water pile, said to be the largest in Western Europe. He made the tour dressed in protective clothing and wearing a badge which records radiation pinned to his lapel.

that these acts were crimes. A looker-on from another planet might almost imagine that there had been a return to bourgeois morality. We who live nearer the scene are not likely to go as far as that.

And yet it moves. Bourgeois morality has not come into vogue; democracy continues to be repudiated, has not been adopted, and will not be adopted. It does seem likely, however, that an attempt is on foot

life, there is no near prospect of this—and to rush at it in the Mollet-Pineau fashion might do more harm than good. A sound, balanced, and consistent policy affords the best chance of reaching it some day. If I have qualified many of my statements in this article it is because the ground is so uncertain. I conclude by saying unreservedly that things are in my view better.

SHIP ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES.



STRUCK AMIDSHIPS AND NEARLY CUT IN TWO: THE LIBERTY SHIP *E. KIRBY SMITH*, ALMOST HALVED BY THE PLUNGING BOW OF THE SWEDISH FREIGHTER *NYLAND* AFTER A COLLISION NEAR NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, ON MARCH 21.



HOME FROM THE ANTARCTIC: THE MOTOR VESSEL *THERON* (849 TONS). AT TOWER BRIDGE AFTER HER BATTLE WITH PACK-ICE IN THE WEDDELL SEA. With her plates buckled and rusty, the sealer *Theron*, which had carried the advance party of the Commonwealth transantarctic expedition to Vahsel Bay, returned to London on March 23. During her battle with pack-ice in the Weddell Sea, the *Theron* frequently had to batter her way through ice 8 ft. thick. The extent of her interior damage is not known. After two months in Norway under repair, she will return to Canada to resume her usual duties of hydrographic survey.



ARRIVING AT ST. MARY'S, ISLES OF SCILLY, AFTER HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE *SCILLONIAN* (820 TONS), THE ISLANDS' NEW LINK WITH THE MAINLAND. For thirty years, the *S.S. Scillonian* has been the islands' chief link with the mainland. In March, after honourable service, this ship retired. Her successor of the same name (820 tons) made her maiden voyage recently from Southampton to St. Mary's. This new vessel, launched by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester on November 15 last year, can carry cargo and passengers with speed and efficiency. Built at a cost of some £250,000, she is owned almost entirely by the Scilly islanders.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO COVENTRY.

On March 23 H.M. the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, laid the foundation-stone of the new Coventry Cathedral. The Queen and the Duke toured the ruins of the old cathedral, from the side of which the new cathedral, in the modern design of Mr. Basil Spence, will rise. At the entrance to the crypt chapel the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Coventry met the Royal visitors. The Queen laid the new stone from a ceremonial dais erected on the foundations of the new cathedral. During her visit to Coventry, the first since her Coronation, the Queen was able to see the progress made in the rebuilding of the city centre. After luncheon with the Lord Mayor at the Council House the Queen and the Duke visited the factory of Jaguar Cars Ltd., where they were received by the chairman, Sir William Lyons, who, with Lady Lyons, conducted them round the works. Later the Royal visitors left Coventry in the Royal train to spend the week-end at Thorpe Lubenham, near Market Harborough.



IN THE SANCTUARY AT COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE PROVOST OF COVENTRY, THE VERY REV. R. T. HOWARD.



THE CEREMONY AT WHICH THE QUEEN LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.

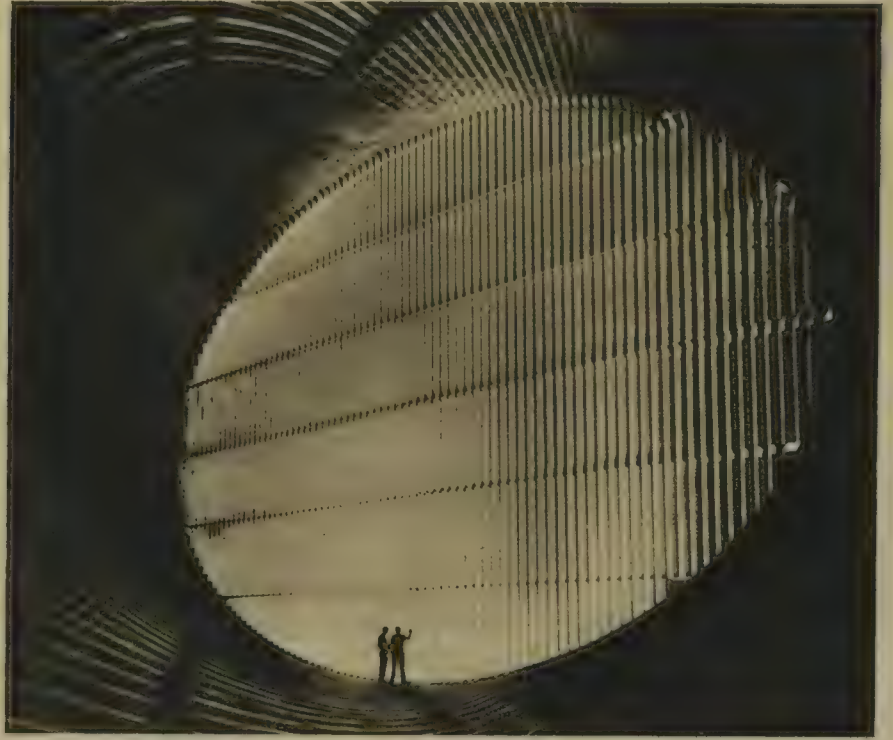


AT THE JAGUAR MOTOR WORKS: HER MAJESTY EXAMINING THE D-TYPE JAGUAR CAR WHICH WON LAST YEAR'S LE MANS 24-HOUR RACE.

RADAR AND RESEARCH ITEMS IN THE U.S.A.: LONDON'S NEW T.V. TRANSMITTING STATION.



DOMES IN THE ATLANTIC: A NEW FEATURE OF THE U.S. RADAR TOWER 110 MILES OFF CAPE COD. THE THREE AIR-INFLATED PLASTIC DOMES HOUSE RADAR EQUIPMENT. ON THE PLATFORM IS THE TOWER'S HELICOPTER LINK WITH THE LAND.



TWO IN A TUNNEL: AN INTERIOR STUDY OF THE GIANT U.S. TRANSONIC WIND TUNNEL AT THE LANGLEY AERONAUTICAL LABORATORY, VIRGINIA. THE TEST SECTION, 16 FT. IN DIAMETER, WIDENS TO 58 FT. AT THIS POINT.



UNDERGOING TESTS BY THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS: A FIBRE-GLASS HUT WHICH CAN BE ERECTED BY SIX MEN IN ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. This fibreglass hut, which is 20 ft. wide and can be anything from 20 ft. to 60 ft. in length, is equipped with heating and air-conditioning units. It is now undergoing tests by the United States Marine Corps in North Carolina.

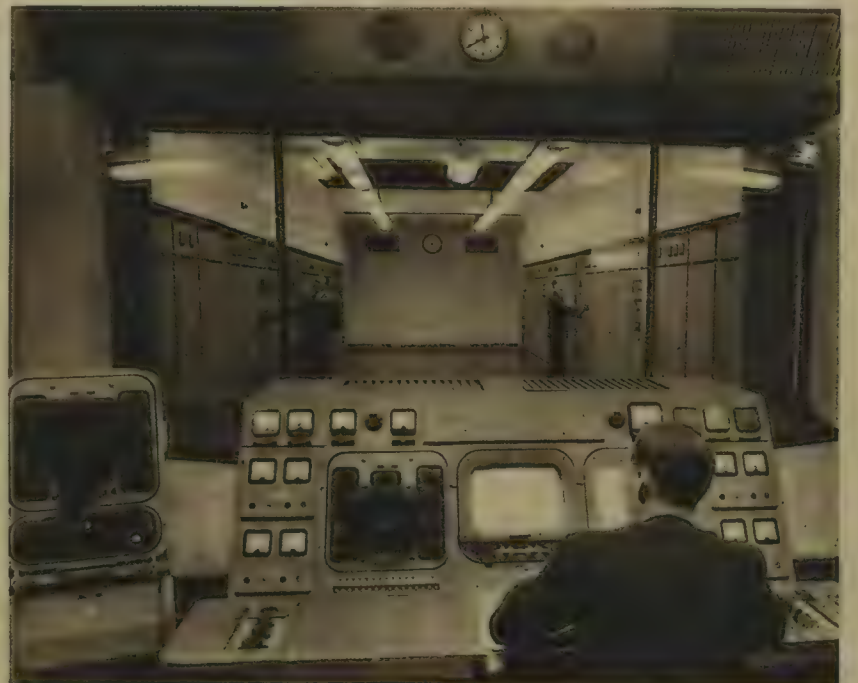


BELIEVED TO BE THE BIGGEST HYPERSONIC RESEARCH DEVICE OF ITS KIND: THE 100-FT. SHOCK TUBE USED IN MISSILE RESEARCH AT THE AVCO RESEARCH LABORATORY AT EVERETT, MASS., U.S.A. IT IS USED IN THE STUDY OF SHOCK WAVES, WHICH SOMETIMES EXCEED A SPEED OF 18,000 M.P.H.



A NEW B.B.C. TELEVISION HIGH-POWER TRANSMITTING STATION TO REPLACE ALEXANDRA PALACE: THE TRANSMITTER HALL AT CRYSTAL PALACE STATION WHICH CAME INTO SERVICE ON MARCH 28.

The new London television transmitter at Crystal Palace came into regular service at 3 p.m. on March 28. It will improve reception for millions of viewers in the London area. The station at Alexandra Palace, which came into service in 1936, has been closed down. The new 640-ft. aerial



THE CONTROL ROOM IN THE B.B.C.'S NEW TELEVISION TRANSMITTING STATION AT CRYSTAL PALACE. RECEPTION FOR MILLIONS OF VIEWERS IN THE LONDON AREA WILL BE IMPROVED BY THE NEW STATION.

tower will not be completed until next year, and at present transmissions at Crystal Palace are being made from a 250-ft. mast. Most of the buildings of the new station are underground, so that the area above will be available to the public as terrace and gardens.

A BRILLIANT ROYAL OCCASION; AND NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA FLIES HIS STANDARD IN A DOG SLED: MR. VINCENT MASSEY PREPARES FOR A RIDE ACROSS THE ICE. On March 18 the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey, set off on a 10,000-mile aerial tour of the Canadian Arctic, visiting remote settlements and military establishments in the Far North. He flew over the North Pole on March 24.



PAKISTAN BECOMES AN ISLAMIC REPUBLIC WITHIN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH: MAJOR-GENERAL ISKANDER MIRZA TAKES THE OATH AS PRESIDENT ON MARCH 23. On March 23 Pakistan became an Islamic Republic within the Commonwealth, the proclamation announcing the change being read before a large gathering at Karachi. The Chief Justice, Mr. Mohammad Munir, then administered the oath of office to the first President.



THE COMMITTEE'S DECISION IS FINAL! THE SCENE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE AS SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SITS WITH THE SELECTION COMMITTEE WHICH HAS TO CHOOSE THE WORKS TO BE INCLUDED IN THE ACADEMY'S SUMMER EXHIBITION, WHICH OPENS ON MAY 5.

The Selection Committee for the R.A. Summer Exhibition started its work on March 27. Seen here (seated from l. to r.) are: Mr. Humphrey Brooke (Secretary), Mr. William Dring, R.A., Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A., Mr. Edward Bawden, R.A., Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., Mr. David McFall, A.R.A.,

Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A., the President of the Royal Academy, Mr. James Flitton, R.A., and Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A. Some 11,000 works have been submitted, of which about 1500 will be shown in the exhibition at Burlington House.



FILM STARS WHO RECEIVED "OSCARs" AT HOLLYWOOD ON MARCH 21, SEEN WITH MISS GRACE KELLY (CENTRE), WHO PRESENTED THE AWARDS.

Selected as the outstanding film actors of 1955: (from l. to r.) Miss Jo Van Fleet (best supporting actress), Mr. Jack Lemmon (best supporting actor), Miss Kelly, Mr. Ernest Borgnine (best actor of the year) and Miss Marisa Pavan, who accepted the award for the best actress of the year on behalf of Miss Anna Magnani, who starred in Tennessee Williams' "The Rose Tattoo."



AT THE SADLER'S WELLS GALA: THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE QUEEN, AND PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH LORD WAVERLEY, IN THE ROYAL BOX.

The annual Gala Performance for the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund was held at Covent Garden on March 22. On this occasion it marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Company and was honoured by the attendance of H.M. the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret, who is President of the Sadler's Wells Foundation.



MARCH 10. THE QUEEN ARRIVES IN CORSICA FOR A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE. (CENTRE) THE PREFECT OF CORSICA. On March 10 H.M. the Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, for a brief cruise of the Mediterranean in the Royal Yacht *Dorset*. This was a private holiday without official engagements; and most of it was spent on Corsica and Sardinia. The Queen and the Duke returned to London by air on March 19.

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT EVENTS (I): ROYAL PNOM PENH, THE FUNERAL OF LORD TRENCARD,



MARCH 5. MR. SELWYN LLOYD INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR ON HIS ARRIVAL AT KARACHI FOR THE S.E.A.T.O. CONFERENCE. ON HIS RIGHT, THE PAKISTAN FOREIGN MINISTER. During his Near East and Asian tour, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, attended a three-day meeting of the Council of Ministers of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation, held at Karachi on March 5-6, under the chairmanship of the Pakistan Foreign Minister, Mr. Hamid Hussain Chowdhury.

OCCASIONS IN LONDON, PARIS, CORSICA, AND AND SIGNIFICANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



MARCH 6-31. THE DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, LOOKING UP THE MAIN AVENUE OF THE GRAND HALL, WITH ITS DECORATION OF CASTLE AND MOUNTED KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR. The theme of the Grand Hall of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia this year has been "The Englishman's home is his castle"—in past, present and, it may be supposed, future. The main body was, of course, devoted to the present; a "home of 1961" adumbrated the future; and the castle, the past.



MARCH 13. H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER GREETED AT THE FRANCO-SCOTTISH EXHIBITION BY THE MINISTER FOR FINE ARTS. At the beginning of a semi-official visit to Paris, which began on March 13 and ended on March 16, H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened at the Hotel de Reims the Franco-Scottish Exhibition, organised by the Association Franco-Ecossaise with the help of the British Council. It was designed to celebrate the "Auld Alliance".



FEBRUARY 29. THE NEW GREEK GOVERNMENT OF MR. KARAMANLIS (CENTRE), INCLUDING GREECE'S FIRST WOMAN MINISTER, MRS. TSALDARIS. The recent Greek Elections gave Mr. Karamanlis and his Radical Union party a working majority; and on February 29 King Paul of the Hellenes swore in the new Cabinet. It includes Mrs. Tsaldaris, the widow of the former Populist leader.



FEBRUARY 22. HER MAJESTY, AT THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON TO MARK HER RETURN FROM NIGERIA, REPLYING TO THE SPEECH OF THE LORD MAYOR, ALD. ACKROYD. The return of the Queen from her Nigerian tour was marked in the traditional way by a luncheon at Guildhall, although the drive there was shorn of its usual pageantry since hard weather caused the cancellation of the escort of Household Cavalry.



FEBRUARY 23. VISITING THE FIRST PART OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT EARLS COURT: THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, ESCORTED BY (RIGHT) SIR ERNEST GOODALE AND MR. KENNETH HORNE.



FEBRUARY 24. THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, KNOCKS FOR ADMITTANCE TO ST. PAUL'S, BEFORE HIS ENTHRONEMENT. Dr. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, formerly Bishop of Guildford, was enthroned as 113th Bishop of London in St. Paul's on February 28. After the traditional ceremonies, he was seated on the throne by the Archbishop of Canterbury.



FEBRUARY 20. THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE ASHES OF LORD TRENCARD IN THE AIR MINISTRY, WITH MEMBERS OF THE AIR COUNCIL KEEPING VIGIL. On February 21 the ashes of Lord Trenchard, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, were interred with full military honours in the R.F. Chapel at Westminster Abbey. Among the very large numbers present was the Duke of Edinburgh, representing H.M. the Queen.



FEBRUARY 21. THE PASSING OF A GREAT MAN—THE ASHES OF LORD TRENCARD, THE "FATHER OF THE R.A.F." AND THE REORGANISER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE, IN PROCESSION PAST THE CENOTAPH TO THE ABBEY.



MARCH 5. ENTHRONED AFTER A CORONATION OF FABULOUS SPLENDOUR: KING SURAMARIT OF CAMBODIA AND HIS QUEEN KOSAMAK NEAREAK. The accession in Cambodia is a matter of choice and when the young King Norodom Sihanouk abdicated a year ago to enter active politics, his father, the present King Norodom Suramarit, was chosen to succeed. The coronation was of great splendour.



MARCH 6. THE NEW HEAD OF THE NAVAL DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST GERMAN MINISTRY OF DEFENCE, ADMIRAL RUGG (CENTRE), AND HIS DEPUTY, REAR-ADMIRAL WAGNER, BEING GREETED BY HERR BLANK, THE MINISTER, AT BONN.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF RECENT WEEKS: OBITUARIES, APPOINTMENTS, AND HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A LEADING EDUCATIONIST DIES AGED EIGHTY: SIR CYRIL NORWOOD.
Sir Cyril Norwood, who died on March 13 at the age of eighty, was the distinctive mark on each of the great schools with which he was associated. Appointed headmaster of Bristol Grammar School in 1906, he became Master of Marlborough in 1916 and headmaster of Harrow ten years later.



A FORMER GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA DIES: LORD HESSELBOROUGH.
The Governor-General of Canada from 1931 to 1935, the Earl of Hesselborough died at his home, Stanton Park, Hampstead, on March 10, aged seventy-five. He had also been a soldier, lawyer and member of Parliament, and he had an engaging interest in the theatre.



A WELL-KNOWN LEADER OF COMMERCE DIES: LORD TRENT.
For many years the chairman of Boots Pure Drug Company, the great pharmaceutical enterprise founded by his father, Lord Trent died at his home in Jersey on March 8, aged sixty-seven. During the Second World War he served as a Commissioner for Civil Defence for the North Midlands.



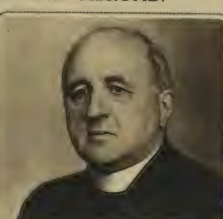
LEAVING B.O.A.C. FOR INDUSTRY: SIR MILES THOMAS.
Chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation since 1949, Sir Miles Thomas, in a letter to the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation dated March 7 but not made public until March 21, asked to be released from his responsibilities; he later joined the board of Monsanto Chemicals Ltd.



TO BE DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS: SIR SYDNEY CAINE.
Sir Sydney Caine, who has been the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Malaya since 1952, has been appointed Director of the London School of Economics. He is to take up his new duties on January 1, 1957, upon the retirement of Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders.



SHOT DEAD WHILE ON DUTY IN CYPRUS: POLICE SERGEANT GERALD T. ROONEY.
On March 16 a British police sergeant, Gerald Thomas Rooney, was shot dead by a terrorist while on duty in Nicosia. Sergeant Rooney joined the Kent police in November 1950, after serving in the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and was stationed at Chatham before going to Cyprus last December.



THE LATE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH: DR. SPENCER LEESON.
The Rt. Rev. Spencer Leeson, Bishop of Peterborough from 1949 until the time of his death, died in London on January 27, aged sixty-three. He was headmaster of Merchant Taylors from 1927-35, and of Winchester from 1935-40. He was called to the Bar in 1922; and was ordained in 1940.



GALLANT AND INDEFATIGABLE: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR WALTER COWAN.
Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, who died on Feb. 14, aged eighty-four, earned the D.S.O. in the Sudan in 1899 and, forty-six years later, in World War I, was awarded a Bar for gallantry while serving with the Command when he was over seventy years of age. He was created a baronet in 1961.



AN EMINENT FINANCIER DIES: LORD BICESTER.
A leading figure in the City, where he was chairman of many large companies, Lord Bicester died on February 17 at his home in Bicester, Oxfordshire, aged eighty-eight. With his considerable financial interests, he combined a great enthusiasm for National Hunt racing. In spite of many attempts, however, he did not succeed in his paramount ambition—to win the Grand National.



LEAVING FOR A FLIGHT TO ATHENS WHICH ENDED IN THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (CENTRE, WEARING CHAIN) WITH OTHER CHURCH LEADERS.
Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Union-of-Cyprus-with-Greece campaign, was detained at Nicosia airport, where he was about to board an airliner for Athens on March 9 and conducted instead to a waiting R.A.F. Hastings aircraft which flew him to Aden, where he afterwards took ship for the Seychelles Islands. Deported with him, by order of the Governor, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, were Bishop Kyrillanos of Kyrenia and two other Greek Orthodox priests.



A NEW DIRECTOR FOR THE W.R.A.F. GROUP OFFICER MARY H. BARNETT.
Group Officer Mary Henrietta Barnett, the only woman nation commander in the W.R.A.F., is to command the Women's Royal Air Force, it was announced on March 22. She succeeds Air Commandant Dame Nancy Salmon, who is due to retire this year. Group Officer Barnett is fifty.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FINLAND: DR. KEKKONEN SEEN AT HIS DESK SHORTLY AFTER THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION HAD BEEN ANNOUNCED.
Dr. Kekkonen took up office as President of Finland on March 1. He was elected on February 15 by 151 votes out of 300 in the electoral college, the minimum number of votes permissible under the constitution. Dr. Kekkonen was leader of the Agrarian party and Prime Minister at the time of his election. He is fifty-five, and is a lawyer by profession. The Presidential term is six years.



THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD CHAIRMAN DIES: SIR H. HOLDSWORTH.
Chairman of the National Coal Board since 1951, Sir Herbert Holdsworth, O.C., died at his home in London on February 1, aged sixty-six. He was due to retire from office next July. A Yorkshire man by birth, Sir Herbert was a leading authority on mining law.

NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.: MRS. HELEN BENTWICH.
The new chairman of the London County Council is Mrs. Helen Bentwich, who is the wife of the late Norman Bentwich and a niece of Lord Samuel. She has been a member of the L.C.C. since 1937 and is the representative for Stoke Newington and Hackney North.



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD: MR. J. BOWMAN.
Mr. James Bowman, who was appointed in January to succeed Sir H. Holdsworth as Chairman of the National Coal Board as from July 31, 1956, has taken office before his date, owing to the death of his predecessor early in February, as reported on the opposite page.



THE DEATH OF THE DICTATOR OF POLAND: MR. BOLESLAW BIERUT.
Mr. Bierut, the secretary of the Polish Communist Party, died of heart failure following pneumonia on March 12 at Moscow, after attending the Communist Party Congress there. His body was taken to Warsaw for burial there.



A FAMOUS LAWYER AND JUDGE DIES: LORD PORTER.
On March 13 Queen Dina of Jordan gave birth to a daughter at Hamman Palace, the Royal residence. The baby princess, who weighed 8 lb., at birth, has been called Alyia. The Government proclaimed a public holiday for February 16 and King Husayn gave a sum of money for distribution to children of poor families born at about the same time. This pleasant photograph of the baby princess was taken on March 12 and shows her at the age of one month. Some disappointment was felt in Jordan when the baby was not a boy, in which case there would have been four days' holiday and rejoicings.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD (CENTRE LEFT) IN JERUSALEM, ON HIS RIGHT, SIR JOHN NICHOLES; ON HIS LEFT, MR. MOSHE SHARETT; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) MR. BEN-GURION, THE PRIME MINISTER OF ISRAEL.
In the closing stages of his tour of the Near East and Asia, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, arrived in Jerusalem on March 1. Accompanied by the British Ambassador to Israel, Sir John Nichols, he called on President Ben Zvi before conferring with Mr. Ben-Gurion, Israel's Prime Minister and Defence Minister, and Mr. Moshe Sharett, the Foreign Minister. The discussions are said to have been frank and friendly, but no statement was issued; and the current Israel-Arab tension was fully discussed. It is believed that after visits to Tripoli and Rome Mr. Selwyn Lloyd returned to London by air on March 15.



THE FIRST FAMILY PICTURE OF JORDAN'S ROYAL FAMILY: KING HUSSEIN AND QUEEN DINAH, WITH THE BABY PRINCESS ALYIA, WHO WAS BORN AT HAMMAN ON FEBRUARY 13—A DELIGHTFULLY INFORMAL STUDY.
On February 13 Queen Dina of Jordan gave birth to a daughter at Hamman Palace, the Royal residence. The baby princess, who weighed 8 lb., at birth, has been called Alyia. The Government proclaimed a public holiday for February 16 and King Husayn gave a sum of money for distribution to children of poor families born at about the same time. This pleasant photograph of the baby princess was taken on March 12 and shows her at the age of one month. Some disappointment was felt in Jordan when the baby was not a boy, in which case there would have been four days' holiday and rejoicings.



HOLDER OF THE NEW WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD: MR. PETER TWISS.
On March 10, flying between Chichester and Ford, Sussex, in a Pirelli Delta 2, Mr. Peter Twiss in two minutes nineteen minutes and 15 seconds recorded speeds of 1117 and 1147 m.p.h. in level flight, giving an average of 1132 m.p.h., or more than 300 m.p.h. faster than the existing record of 822.3 m.p.h., set up in 1953 by Colonel H. A. Hanson of the United States in a Super Cuber aircraft over the Mojave Desert, California.



TO COMMAND THE U.S. ARMY IN EUROPE: LIEUT. GENERAL H. HODGES.
On March 1 the White House announced the appointment (subject to Senate confirmation) of Lieutenant-General Henry Hodges as U.S. Army Ambassador in London to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. A former professor of English at Katmandu, he served in the U.S. Embassy in London between 1949 and 1952.



THE NEW NEPALESE AMBASSADOR: SHRI RAMA PRASAD MANANDHAR.
On March 21 H.E. Shri Rama Prasad Manandhar presented his credentials as the new Nepalese Ambassador in London to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. A former professor of English at Katmandu, he served in the U.S. Embassy in London between 1949 and 1952.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT PHYSICIST: THE LATE MME. I. JOLIO-CURIE.
Mme. Joliot-Curie, who died in Paris on March 17, aged sixty, was the daughter of the late Pierre and Marie Curie, the joint discoverers of radium, and was herself a distinguished physicist. In 1935 she and her husband were awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry for their discovery of artificial radioactivity.

A GREAT CRIMINAL JUDGE DIES: THE LATE SIR TRAVERS HUMPHREYS.
Sir Travers Humphreys, who died on February 20, aged eighty-eight, was the senior and the oldest judge of the King's Bench at the time of his retirement in 1951. He was one of the most distinguished criminal judges of this century and presided at many famous trials. He was the author of two books: "Criminal Days" and "A Book of Trials."



FEBRUARY 21. CONTAINING THE NAMES OF 60,000 CIVILIAN DEAD: THE ROLL OF HONOUR AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY. The roll of honour of British civilians killed by enemy action in the Second World War was handed over for custody to the Dean and Chapter in Westminster Abbey on February 21. It is in six fine volumes, containing some 60,000 names.

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT EVENTS (2): A ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN GREECE,



FEBRUARY 16. PRESENTED TO MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL BY LORD INVERFORTH: THE HILL, HAMPSHIRE, A MANSION OF MORE THAN SIXTY ROOMS. In accordance with his father's wishes, the present Lord Inverforth has given the sixty-room mansion, The Hill, Hampshire, to Manor House Hospital for conversion into a women's hospital for about 100 patients. It stands in eight acres of grounds.



MARCH 13. THE SCENE OF PART OF THIS YEAR'S OLYMPIAD: THE MULTI-SPORTS CENTRE AT MELBOURNE, NOW RAPIDLY NEARING COMPLETION.

On November 22 this year, the Duke of Edinburgh is due to open the XVI Olympiad at Melbourne. Preparations for this great event are now well under way; they include a 20-acre Olympic Park, shown above, which will enclose a swimming stadium (foreground), an adjacent soccer field and training track, a hockey field (right background) and a cycling track (left background). The Olympic village, built at an estimated cost of £62,700,000, is rapidly taking shape eight miles from the city.



MARCH 14. WRECKED UNDER THE CLIFFS OF PORTCURNO, NEAR LAND'S END, WITH THE LOSS OF ALL HANDS: THE FRENCH TRAWLER FERT PRAIRIAL (570 TONS).

While bound from Brixham to fishing grounds off the Irish coast, the Cherbourg trawler *Fert Prairial* was wrecked on the rocky Cornish shore near Land's End on March 14. Faint distress signals were heard from her, but no position was given. No survivors or her crew of seventeen were reported.



MARCH 14. UNVEILED IN HIGHGATE CEMETERY ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH: A BRONZE BUST OF KARL MARX. Seventy-three years after his death on March 14, 1883, a monument to Karl Marx was unveiled above his grave in Highgate Cemetery by Mr. Harry Pollitt. It consists of a 4-ft-high bust, sculptured in bronze by Mr. Laurence Brashaw, mounted on an 8-ft. plinth of polished granite, suitably inscribed. The memorial is said to have cost some £12,500.

CIVIL ROLL OF HONOUR, A MACE FOR NIGERIA, CRETE AND JORDAN, AND OTHER NEWS.



MARCH 18. DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE DEPORTATION OF ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS: GREEK STUDENTS IN SALONIKA, CHECKED BY TROOPS AND POLICE. The deportation of Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus to the Seychelles on March 9 led to outbreaks of rioting by anti-British mobs in Greece and Crete when the news became known. On March 10, students staging a protest march through the streets of Salonika fought pitched battles with troops and police. In Heraklion, Crete, the British Consulate was wrecked by a rioting mob; the consul and his staff escaped by a back door.



FEBRUARY 25. PRESENTED TO THE NIGERIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: A MACE, BROUGHT BY A PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION FROM WESTMINSTER. At a ceremony at Lagos on February 25, a mace given to the Nigerian House of Representatives was handed over by a Parliamentary delegation from Westminster, led by Mr. Walter Elliot (second from left). In our photograph, the Speaker of the Nigerian House (in wig) is seen in the centre background.



MARCH 2. THRONING THE STREETS OF AMMAN TO CELEBRATE THE DISMISSAL OF GENERAL GLUBB: JORDANIAN DEMONSTRATORS SHOUTING PATRIOTIC AND ANTI-BRITISH SLOGANS.

The announcement on March 2 by King Hussein of Jordan that General Glubb, the British commander of the Arab Legion, had been summarily dismissed, was greeted with great enthusiasm throughout Jordan. Thousands of jubilant demonstrators thronged the streets of Amman shouting slogans in praise of the King and the Army and in denigration of General Glubb. The General, who was Chief of Staff of the Legion since 1959, arrived home in England by air with his wife and adopted Jordanian children on March 3; he was knighted on March 9.



WRECKING THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT HERAKLION, CRETE: GANGS OF RIOTERS DESTROYING FURNITURE AND DOCUMENTS.



MARCH 9. STEAMING OFF THE ISLE OF ARRAN DURING SPEED TRIALS: THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER, EMPRESS OF BRITAIN (24,000 TONS), SHE IS EXPECTED TO MAKE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO CANADA THIS MONTH.



ARRIVING IN LONDON AFTER HIS DISMISSAL FROM JORDAN: GENERAL GLUBB WITH HIS WIFE AND ADOPTED CHILDREN.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GOING TOO FAR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

TOWARDS the middle of the second act of "She Smiled At Me" (this, it seems, is no longer smiling at us from the St. Martin's stage from which it was withdrawn on February 4) I found myself echoing Gwendolen Fairfax—though, mercifully, not aloud. You will remember that, at the Manor House tea in "The Importance of Being Earnest," Gwendolen has to complain to her hostess: the stage direction is "rises in indignation."

"You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar," she says, "and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition, and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far."

Certainly the perpetrators of "She Smiled At Me" went too far. What we saw at the St. Martin's was a musical version of Robertson's "Caste," and it occurs to me in some horror that one day we may have a musical version of "The Importance," with a duet for Gwendolen and Cecily called "Sugar in the Tea," a little number for Algernon, "The Late Mr. Bunbury," and, for Lady Bracknell, of course, "Bred in a Handbag with Handles." If ever this happens I hope I shall find the ghost of Wilde in an adjoining seat.

It is an excellent rule not to dwell upon failure. But the tinkering with "Caste" needs to be recorded as a glum example of misdirected energy. Here was the eighty-nine-year-old play in all its honest simplicity and good humour, needing only an appreciative company and a producer with an eye for detail. It is more than thirty years since James Agate wrote of an Everyman Theatre revival: "That 'Caste' is an unassailable masterpiece is proved by the fact that not even the present production entirely overthrew it." He went on to say that the piece was cut to ribbons in deplorable fashion and that half the actors were "pointedly and palpably miscast."

Even so, this was a "straight" production. I cannot begin to imagine what he would have written of a "Caste" filled with lumps of sugar in the form of jingling songs (even one for the Marquise herself). We asked for bread and butter and we were given a sticky cake. It was going too far.

This decision to turn "Caste" into an intimate musical play was astonishingly maladroit. Robertson's text appeared to be regarded simply as a useful ready-made libretto. But who in the world, with any feeling for stage tradition, would wish to hear Esther Eccles and George D'Alroy singing "Shall We Fall In Love?", Eccles in "Pity the Working Man," and the "Marquiss" herself condemned to join George at the end of the Mayfair act in a resolute number called "Military Man"? In this she even flings off the expression, "little kid." Hearing it, I expected the stage of the St. Martin's to open. Agate, in 1925, wrote: "Will readers believe that the whole of the Marchioness's reminiscences of Froissart were omitted? The fearsome old lady is a figure of gorgeous fun, and one to whom the later Lady Bracknell owes a great deal." The St. Martin's Marquise both lost her Froissart and suffered an ordeal by song. (I wonder what Squire Bancroft, who loved every comma in the old piece, might have said? One remembers how he spoke of the last revival of "Caste" under his management, at the Haymarket in 1883: "We were fortunate enough to persuade that great actress, Mrs. Stirling, to appear as the Marquise. She played the part as it had never been acted. The tones of her grand voice still linger in the memory as she said to her son: 'I may never see you again: I am old; you are going into battle.'")

Back now to the Everyman revival of 1925. The Eccles on that occasion was described as "middling," and Agate had never seen the filling of the pipe go for so little. The St. Martin's Eccles—who sadly lacked period sense—did not even fill the pipe, a manoeuvre to which Robertson devoted 200 words of stage direction. At the Everyman, "in spite of the poorest performance I have ever seen, the audience were moved in the right way in as many of the right places as were left." I can echo that for the St. Martin's. But how much better it would have been to have omitted the hampering score and to have strengthened the company! The gallery, I imagine, would not have protested then, and we could have seen so fine a performance as Robin Bailey's Hawtree in a proper setting.

Mr. Bailey, infinitely languid, blandly good-tempered, brought the 1860's with him as soon as he arrived at the little house in Stangate. Nobody shared his command, though Jean Kent did not let down Esther (this in spite of an accent that, as Orlando said to Rosalind, was something finer than she could purchase in so removed a dwelling), and Mercy Haystead and Hugh Paddick pattered acceptably through Polly and Sam. It was a pity that the celebrated Royal Arms speech was allowed to end with "furiously doin' nothin'" instead of "doin' nothin' furiously, with a lozenge between 'em—thus."

The adapter had added a ramshackle little scene ("The Wedding"), with a Stangate policeman and postman. Even that dubious bounty did not endear us to the insensitive treatment of one of the key plays of its period, a comedy of manners that is untarnished yet. "She Smiled At Me" has gone quickly into the mists, but its failure may mean, alas, that we cannot expect any normal revival of "Caste" until an error is quite forgotten.

After that, and since quotation foams this week, let me end more happily—at this season of the Mozart bicentenary—with Leigh Hunt on "The Magic Flute." Hunt wrote of it in "The Theatrical Examiner" when it was performed at the Italian Opera in London during May 1819: "The management, greatly to the credit of their taste and spirit, brought forward another of the masterpieces of Mozart, 'Il Flauto Magico' (The Magic Flute), better known and long admired in private circles under its German name of the *Zauber Flöte*."

Hunt enjoyed himself immensely: "The whole opera was one continued and deep river of music, breaking into every possible turn of course and variety of surface, and exhibiting every aspect of the heavens that lie above it." And he suggested that "It may give a complete idea of what we think of 'The Magic Flute' in general, its peculiarities, its chances, etc., when we say that it is to Mozart's other works what 'The Tempest' is to the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies." On the first night he did find it too long, and he thought that the singer of Papageno was "too beef-eating" for a bird-catcher.

Inevitably, once I had started to look up Hunt, I went on. It was in January 1818 that he saw at Covent Garden John Dillon's tragedy, "Retribution." Hunt put it smartly in the corner within a paragraph, observing: "If the author is as young as he is said to be, he may become a good writer, especially as he appears to have amiable feelings; which, by the way, will teach him one day, we hope, that 'Retribution' is not so good a thing as he seems to think it."

I cannot help wishing that Hunt was living at this hour to say a few words about "She Smiled At Me."

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SHEER SPECTACLE.

By ALAN DENT.

WIDER still and wider shall our films be set. Powers, that make them mighty, make them mightier yet. All the same I should have thought that Cinerama might somehow have done something to obliterate those two awkward joins which subdivide the colossal curved screen. The first programme ran for well over a year at the London Casino with this handicap. The second programme, entitled "Cinerama Holiday," has hardly begun when we are immediately aware that no solution to the problem has been arrived at, if indeed any solution has been sought.

Just as in the first programme we found ourselves instantaneously in a switch-back railway, so this time we are given the illusion right away of being in a plane flying across the Swiss Alps. But the illusion just falls short of completeness because of those two confounded vertical bars or joins. The mountains joggle distractingly at these partitions. And, as the film proceeds on its monumental way, cowboys and skaters, and gamblers at Las Vegas, and the ballet in Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes," all joggle likewise. Each scene—it would appear—has to be shot through three cameras. The sections join so faultily that one side of any massive object—the peak of the Jungfrau, for example—sidles up while the other side sidles down. Cinerama, even though it need give us no more than one new programme each year for the rest of this century, cannot call itself a complete success until a remedy for this disillusioning defect is found.

The most exhilarating things in "Cinerama Holiday" are a bobsleigh ride at St. Moritz and some superlative skiing at Davos. (These give me all the winter sport I need. The real thing would be a comparative disappointment and much less safe.) The least exhilarating thing is the ballet at the Paris Opera. Will not film-makers ever learn that ballet is an enchantment only at a distance of twenty yards at the very least? Any closer proximity gives one the disagreeable impression that one is about to be stamped upon or tripped up by a dancer who is not nearly so cool and assured as he or she looks at a sensible distance.

The colour throughout is excellent. I never thought to see the marvellous redness of the maples of New England in "the fall" reproduced anything like adequately on the screen. But here it undoubtedly is, in the background to a cattle fair and harvest festival in the heart of New Hampshire. The sound-track, on the other hand, is strepitous to a degree, almost from beginning to end. It sends one, when the holiday is over, into Soho to welcome that cosmopolitan labyrinth's comparative quietude and peace.

It is only in a schoolboyish kind of way that one can get any real enjoyment or satisfaction out of "Helen of Troy." Fortunately for the makers of this obviously wildly expensive film, most filmgoers are like schoolboys at heart. Not public-school boys who know some Latin and less Greek—just plain schoolboys! It sticks to the history as Homer imagined it. But its treatment is about as unimaginative as its language. It is intensely realistic, and the result is something intensely artificial. The pillars of Troy, I doubt not, are fashioned out of stone and not out of cardboard. But the point is that it looks like new, and not old, stone. The quinquereemes—or whatever they are—in which the Greeks sail to give siege to Troy are doubtless as authentic as money can make them. The rowers even look as though they had never imagined any other way of navigation. It is these scenes, in fact, which come nearest to successful illusion. The battles are as bloody as any schoolboy could reasonably demand, and there will be many a thrill in many a youthful bosom at the spectacle of Achilles being pierced with an arrow in the actual original Tendon of Achilles.

But the trouble with this film, for me personally anyhow, is that its dialogue is undistinguished. It has a dozen well-known British players who, being given nothing to act and nothing striking to say, cannot be said to distinguish themselves in any sense—even in the sense of clearly distinguishing themselves from one another. (The film, be it noted, was made in Italy by an American company.) They all have to stand about a very great deal, and most of them have to wince when they are wounded. That is about all that is called for in the way of acting.

There is, for example, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who really has nothing very much to do as King Priam except to glare with dignity. There is Nora Swinburne as his queen, Hecuba, who only has to look majestically serene. There is Harry Andrews as Hector, who is only really in evidence when he is being transfixed by the arrow of the Greek Achilles. There is that capital new young actor, Ronald Lewis, who contrives as Aeneas to make the maximum out of minimum chances. There is Janette Scott, far too young and cherubic and cheerful to be playing the baleful Cassandra. There are Paris and Helen, whom we shall deal with in a minute or two.

Going over to the Greeks, there is the Achilles of Stanley Baker, a performance which only seems to come to life when it is stabbed to death by the avenging arrow of Paris. There is the Agamemnon, in which one hardly gets the opportunity even to recognise Robert Douglas. There is the Menelaus of Niall MacGinnis, who has hardly a word of moment to utter, and only has to growl and shrug his shoulders as though he thought his abducted wife, Helen, was a jolly good riddance.

All of these are accomplished and delightful players, but not one of them in this film—with the exception of the Cassandra who is utterly miscast—has been given a task which is not almost childishly surmountable. They all, with that single exception, look their parts, and perhaps they themselves are not really to be blamed if they are hardly at all called upon to do anything more. I mean no disrespect to the distinguished company when I say that my own favourite performance in "Helen of Troy" is given by the Wooden Horse which the Greeks left behind them at the gates of Troy. It is the soundest and solidest performance; it is the one most in evidence; it is, moreover, the most convincing and the least wooden of the lot.

But then, this film is entitled "Helen of Troy" and not "The Wooden Horse," and a very great deal is called for in the way of acting from the Helen and the Paris who are presented respectively by Rossana Podesta and Jack Sernas. It is called for, but the call is in vain. These are two beautiful young persons who do not appear to have acted anywhere before. They have much more to say to each other than all the other actors put together. Paris, for example, says things to Helen which derive from Homer and even from Marlowe, but which have been watered down and made easy for us by the authors of the screen-play, Messrs. John Twist and Hugh Gray. Thus at one point Paris can clearly be heard saying to Helen:—"O Helen, make me immortal with your kisses, and we'll live for ever on nectar and ambrosia!" And at another point, the all-important point when the Greeks in their withdrawal are seen to have left the famous Wooden Horse behind them as a little souvenir of the siege, we are surprised to hear Helen uttering to Paris this free translation from Virgil:—"The Greeks bearing gifts are not to be trusted."

These are the two instances in which the script of "Helen of Troy" most nearly approaches to literature. One would be silly to expect epic poetry. But one has at least the right to look for a certain dignity of language in a film with such a subject.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: MANHATTAN LANDMARKS, MATTERS MARITIME, AND OTHER ITEMS.



A NEW MANHATTAN LANDMARK: NEW YORK CITY'S NEW COLISEUM WHICH IS NEARING COMPLETION. IN THE FOREGROUND IS COLUMBUS CIRCLE. THE COLISEUM CONSISTS OF AN OFFICE BUILDING TOWER, AND A LOWER EXHIBITION AREA (RIGHT), AND IS DUE TO OPEN ON APRIL 28.



THE END OF THE LAST OF MANHATTAN'S ONCE-FAMOUS OVERHEAD RAILWAYS: CROWDS IN THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, WATCHING THE DEMOLITION OF THE LAST "EL."

During February New York said farewell to the last of Manhattan's overhead railways, the Third Avenue "El," which stopped running in May 1955, and has now been demolished.



SCOTLAND'S FIRST SKI-TOW IN ACTION: MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH SKI CLUB MAKING THE ASCENT OF MEALL A' BHUIRIDH.

The Scottish Ski Club has built a ski-tow, half a mile long, with an ascent of 1000 ft. on the north-east face of Meall a' Bhuidh, at the east end of Glencoe, where good ski-ing snow normally lasts into April and May. The tow is reserved to club members, but temporary membership is available.



A NEW, AND MODERNISTIC, PRINTING WORKS FOR THE BANK OF ENGLAND: THE BUILDING AT LOUGHTON, ESSEX, WHICH WAS RECENTLY COMPLETED ON SCHEDULE. This new printing works, on the Deben Industrial Estate at Loughton, Essex, occupies a site of 13 acres and will eventually employ a staff of 1200 engaged on printing £5, £1 and 10s. notes, as well as forms and documents for the Bank's internal use. It will be in full production in a few months' time.



LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO FREMANTLE: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER MELBOURNE, FLAGSHIP OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY.

The 30,000-ton aircraft-carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne left Portsmouth on March 5 on her maiden voyage to Australia. The carrier was launched as H.M.S. Majestic and then laid up. She was later brought up-to-date and renamed for the Royal Australian Navy.



BRITAIN'S LAST OPERATIONAL BATTLESHIP JOINS THE "MOTHBALL FLEET": H.M.S. VANGUARD (LEFT CENTRE) ALONGSIDE H.M.S. HOWE AT DEVONPORT. THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER UNICORN, ALREADY IN RESERVE, IS SEEN TOP LEFT.

On March 5, the battleship Vanguard (44,500 tons) was put in "mothball" reserve at Devonport. Vanguard, which was launched in 1944, will be maintained at a high state of readiness, so that she can be put into active service with a minimum of delay should circumstances so require.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE BERMUDA LILY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

WHY is it, I wonder, that the Bermuda Lily (*Lilium longiflorum*) has always remained a somewhat aloof, impersonal sort of flower? Its long white trumpets are doubtless beautiful, but to me they seem utterly and completely poker-face. And when does one ever meet Bermuda lilies socially, so to speak? Often they are to be seen at funerals, but not "among those present." No, no; they are there, with their long, solemn, white faces, as bought or hired floral mutes. One sees, but does not meet them too, as coldly virginal attendants at weddings.

And where else? In the foyers of the "restaurants of Mammon" or of super-cinemas, perhaps, and in florists' shops. But how seldom one meets this lily in private life. Personally, I have never grown it, and it is only very rarely that I have met it in the gardens of my friends, except a few of those who run to greenhouses and gardeners to produce flowers for the house. There is one dreadful practice among florists which, I think, accounts largely for the cold, impersonal unmated appearance of the Bermuda Lily. They remove all the characteristic anthers so that their golden pollen shall not become dusted on to the white petals, and—in their eyes—mar their purity and beauty. Professional florists are guilty of many barbarous practices in the prosecution of their work—decapitating flowers and then skewering them on wires, and so forth. But this practice of gelding the lily is surely the most cold-blooded example of florists' frightfulness of all. It is good to know, however, that for exhibition this is a disqualification.

The Bermuda—or, as it is also known, the Easter Lily—is a native of the Ryukyu islands of south Japan, and was first introduced to this country via China early in the last century, and to-day it is probably the most important of all lilies—commercially. The reason that it is not more popular as a garden plant is almost certainly due to the fact that it is not truly hardy in this country, except in milder and more favoured districts in the south and west. As might be expected, a number of distinct varieties of *Lilium longiflorum* have occurred in cultivation. In Woodcock and Stearns' "Lilies of the World," a dozen named forms are described, but at present the variety *L. l. eximium*, which is the true Bermuda or Easter Lily, is the most extensively cultivated of them all.

I have recently received a copy of a most interesting book, "The Bermuda Garden," published by the Garden Club of Bermuda, and I feel greatly honoured that the book has come inscribed as presented to me by the Club. I have only spent one day in Bermuda—"a day ashore" on my way to Chile—and though I was enchanted by the vegetation and the flowers that I saw, I did not have the good fortune to be there when the Bermuda lilies were in flower. What a sight—and scent—they must be then! In "The Bermuda Garden" there is a photograph of a field of Easter lilies in full flower. In the foreground the lilies are shown in full, clear detail, and then beyond they appear as a great, wide river of milk, or a huge, snowy glacier flowing gently downward in wide sweeps through woodland vegetation and so, in a final swing to the left, out of sight. The Easter Lily is Bermuda's major export, both in flowers and as bulbs. The flowers, cut when the buds are just ready to open, are exported to the U.S.A. The lilies shown in the photograph in "The Bermuda Garden" are being grown for their bulbs, and shortly after the flowers open they are cut off so that the plants can throw the whole of their energy and resources into the building-up of finer, larger bulbs for export. There is a most interesting editorial account in "The Bermuda Garden" of the growth of the Easter Lily industry. Introduced to the island in the early 1800's, it was soon found that both the climate and the soil suited the plant to perfection. In 1833 a seed merchant of Philadelphia—W. K. Harris—saw the commercial possibilities of *Lilium longiflorum eximium*, and began to market the Bermuda bulbs under the name "*Lilium harrisii*." That was the start of Bermuda's export trade in lily bulbs, not only to the U.S.A. but to England.

In 1899, the Bermuda lily-growers, anxious to increase their stock to meet the growing demand, imported some bulbs from Japan. Fatal mistake! Those Japanese bulbs were found to be infested with virus disease, which spread like wildfire through the healthy Bermuda stocks. Before long the Bermuda lily trade was at a standstill. Many growers gave up the unequal struggle. One grower, however, refused to give in. Howard E. Dunscombe Smith received a hint from a Captain James, master of the ship that carried consignments of lily bulbs from Bermuda to the U.S.A. He suggested to Dunscombe Smith that he should discard all the poorer types of lily and concentrate on growing one good variety only. The hint was taken, and a campaign was started of scrutinising the lily fields when in flower, and marking, with sticks stuck in the ground, all the inferior types—which were later ruthlessly discarded. This policy of "roguing" the lilies was carried on so that eventually by destroying all individuals of inferior type, together with those showing the slightest signs of virus disease, a vigorous stock completely free of virus was built up. Later this wise and enterprising grower turned his attention to controlled pollination and crossing, breeding from plants which had desirable qualities, fine flowers of firm substance and texture, height, hardness, early flowering, and so forth, and keeping careful records of such matings.

Eventually, one day in the spring of 1922, he went to inspect his experimental lily plot. It was too early for any lilies to be in bloom. Small green buds were the utmost to be expected at that time of year. But suddenly his attention was arrested by a flash of white amid all the young green growth. One of the plants was in full bloom, weeks ahead of the normal time for flowering. This one individual was named *Lilium howardii* after its raiser, and was to become the foundation of Bermuda's revived Easter Lily trade. When *Lilium howardii* could be grown in quantities large enough for export, its success was immediate, for here was the answer to every florist-nurseryman's prayer—an Easter Lily that could be relied upon to bloom in time for Easter, no matter how early in the year Easter might fall. For this contribution to horticulture, and to the revival of Bermuda's major export trade, Howard Smith in 1948 was appointed a Member of the Order of the British Empire by his Majesty King George VI—a well-earned honour for fifty years of patient experiment and research. Thanks to Howard E. Dunscombe Smith, M.B.E., we can now have lilies blooming in our gardens from January to June.

What we want now is a completely hardy variety of *Lilium longiflorum*; one, that is, which will prosper permanently and flower regularly in the assortment of samples of weather which we are pleased to call the English climate. If I could meet it in everyday open-air life instead of at functions of questionable delight, I might feel a little more warmth and affection for this terribly Admirable Crichton of a lily.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

PUBLIC FACES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE National Portrait Gallery celebrates its centenary this year. I am ashamed to say I had not set foot in the place since the war, and I fancied that the various busts in the hall and up the stairs looked at me with disapproval—but then the entrance hall is the most unwelcoming of any public building I can call to mind, as if our forebears had been determined to chill the enthusiasm of students of history from the very beginning on the theory that knowledge is only of value if you have to acquire it painfully. You have the impression that the Muse Clio, whose shrine this is, has dressed herself in black bombazine and elastic-sided boots lest ingenuous youth should too easily succumb to her charms; but once through the hall and up the stairs you realise speedily that she is not only a learned blue-stocking but a singularly handsome piece as well—in other words, the Gallery, though dedicated to her and not to the Muse of Painting, has gathered together among its 3000-odd likenesses of eminent characters, a surprising number of fine, sensitive portraits which could well adorn the walls of the august institution next door, the National Gallery.

Certain simple rules have guided the policy of the Gallery since the first Board of Trustees was appointed following a motion moved by the fifth Earl Stanhope in the House of Lords on March 4, 1856:—"That a humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into Her Royal Consideration the expediency of forming a Gallery of the Portraits of the most eminent Persons in British History." "No portrait of any person still living, except only of the reigning sovereign and of his or her consort, shall be admitted" is one of the rules, and, generally speaking, you have to be dead ten years before you can join the club. By that time the trustees will, in theory, be able to judge whether you really were eminent or merely notorious, but you haven't to worry about the æsthetic virtues of your portrait, for the rules say that the aim of the Gallery is "to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist" and that "great faults and errors" on the part of the subject are not reasons for excluding "any portrait which may be valuable as illustrating the history of the country." This last seems to me to throw a curious light upon public opinion in the 1850's which was apparently expected to object to the inclusion of anyone whose life did not happen to come up to the standards of the *unco guid*; one is forced to the conclusion that were it not for this rule hardly a single soul would be eligible.

To many minds the most striking portraits are those of the sixteenth century, partly, no doubt, because of the splendid jewelled dresses, partly because a few are exceptionally well painted (for example, Nicolas Hilliard's miniature of Queen Elizabeth I), but also because so many of these great personages look at the same time cunning and scared—or so they seemed to me—though Thomas Cromwell is just a thug and Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and notable for his "wit, wisdom and legal knowledge," was surely a lively neighbour at a dinner party. Was the great Lord Burleigh really a human being behind that vast beard? We can well believe Henry VIII was as horrid a character as he appears to be in the rather poor Holbeinesque portrait. What is more, if you were to compare the Gallery's portrait of Richard III (which I assume is a late version of a lost original) with the earliest portrait in the collection, that of Henry VII, dated 1505, which has every appearance of having been done from life, you will convince yourself immediately that it was Henry, not Richard, who smothered the two little princes in the tower and subsequently put about the Tudor version of the story which Will Shakespeare followed, history being usually written by the conquerors.

There is, in short, no end to the speculation and entertainment to be derived from this wonderful collection, and no end to the errors one can make, for, fascinating though faces are, few of us can really judge a man's character from his features during his lifetime; how much more difficult to form a correct judgement from the work of a painter, who may be one of many things—incompetent, slick, shallow, a flatterer, a constitutional denigrator or what have you? Then every age has its own style. Were the subjects of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I as scared as they seem to me to be? Or am I merely reading into a passing fashion of making likenesses, something more profound? Contrariwise, were the eighteenth-century celebrities quite as assured of themselves as they appear in their portraits?

As everyone knows, portraiture is a terribly difficult business and, naturally enough, it is the better painters who best serve the historical muse; there is a fine Rubens, for example, of the Earl of Arundel, the first and, some will think, the greatest of all collectors of works of art in this country. But some of the not-so-great painters survive extremely well. I specially liked a full-length of Charles I by Daniel Mytens, at once dignified and homely—a straightforward portrait in which the king's obstinacy and weakness were not concealed; I should say more revealing in its humble way than the magnificently eye-catching gross flattery of the legend painted by Van Dyck. Huysmans, a third-rate artist, brings Lauderdale uncompromisingly to life in all his brutality, and Kneller surely never painted a more sensitive likeness than the one of Sir Christopher Wren.

Kneller, who was the great man at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and has been overpraised and over-abused at intervals ever since, can be studied uncommonly well here, thanks to the gift by the National Art-Collections Fund in 1945 of the forty-two portraits of the members of the Kit-Cat Club which had descended in the family of the club's founder, Jacob Tonson, publisher and bookseller. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits for Tonson at intervals between 1700 and 1720, and they were made to hang, framed as they still are, in the Kit-Cat room in Tonson's house at Barn Elms. Ever since, the name "Kit-Cat" has been used to denote the size of the canvas, 36 by 28 ins., first designed to fit that specially built room. The club, while it lasted, was political and literary, the politicians Whig grandees, the literary persons men of the calibre of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Steele and Addison, each valuable to the other and meeting on terms of equality at the weekly meetings. It is a remarkable series and, though naturally the portraits vary in quality, they vastly increase one's respect for Kneller, and some of them—for example, the portrait of Congreve and of old Jacob Tonson himself—are genuinely revealing. Last, but not least, the busts—on no account miss Roubiliac's terra-cotta bust of his friend Hogarth—the very man, both literally and metaphorically, in the round.

ACQUIRED BY CANADA: FOUR WORKS FROM THE LIECHTENSTEIN COLLECTION.



"LA POURVOYEUSE," BY J.-B.-S. CHARDIN (1699-1779): ONE OF FOUR WORKS FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE PRINCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA. (Oil on canvas: 18½ by 14½ ins.)



"LA GOUVERNANTE," BY J.-B.-S. CHARDIN. THESE TWO WORKS WERE EXHIBITED BY CHARDIN IN THE SALON OF 1739. (Oil on canvas: 18 by 14½ ins.)



"SAINT CATHERINE," BY SIMONE MARTINI (c. 1285-1344), WHICH FORMED THE LEFT WING OF AN ALTAR-PIECE PAINTED IN 1320 FOR THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO AT ORVIETO. (Panel: 32 by 16 ins.)

THE National Gallery of Canada has recently announced the acquisition for its permanent collection of four famous paintings from the collection of the Prince of Liechtenstein. These four pictures, which are reproduced on this page, were among those on loan from the Liechtenstein Collection at the National Gallery in London, between 1951 and 1955. The Simone Martini will be the first work by this Siennese master in the Canadian National Gallery. The Rubens was acquired for the Liechtenstein Collection in 1710. It was painted shortly after the artist's return from Italy, between 1613 and 1615. The motive is taken from Caravaggio's "Pieta" in the Vatican, and shows how much Rubens was influenced by Caravaggio. It has been widely praised for its strength of colour and subtlety of tone. This is the third group of pictures from this world-famous collection acquired by the National Gallery of Canada. The negotiations were undertaken on the Gallery's behalf by Mr. Geoffrey Agnew, of Thos. Agnew and Sons, London. Some £322,000 was paid for these four works. There has been some questioning in the Canadian Parliament about this heavy expenditure on art treasures.



"THE ENTOMBMENT," BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), WHICH SHOWS RUBENS'S GREAT ADMIRATION FOR CARAVAGGIO. (Oil on panel: 34½ by 25½ ins.)

THE HOME LIFE OF A HOMERIC KING: EXCAVATIONS IN THE PALACE OF NESTOR AT PYLOS.

By Professor Carl Blegen, of the University of Cincinnati.

(Fig. 2, Plan by Mr. D. R. Theocharis; Figs. 3-6, 7, 8, 20, 21, Photos by Miss Alison Frantz.)

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made during the past two summers in the excavation of the Mycenaean palace at Epano Englianos, or Ancient Pylos, and much can now be added to the account given in *The Illustrated London News* of January 16, 1954. This work represents the American part, sponsored by the University of Cincinnati, in a joint Helleno-American enterprise for the archaeological exploration of Western Messenia. Professor and Mrs. W. T. Semple have continued to provide the financial support of the expedition.

It has become clear that the palace consists of two distinct parts or units, a south-western wing, probably first in order of construction, and a larger north-eastern wing containing the megaron, with its distinctive Throne Room, Vestibule, Portico and court (Fig. 2). The two divisions were separated and also joined together by an intervening stucco-paved court, in which there are some traces of connecting walls that probably belong to the final phase of occupation.

two stone amulets, some bits of gold and bronze, and, most notably, a dozen miniature human heads delicately fashioned in gold and niello (Fig. 10), that had served as the decoration around the side of a silver cup. This vessel seems to have been a close counterpart of one found by Tsountas in a chamber tomb at Mycenae (Tsountas-Manatt, "The Mycenaean Age," p. 234, Fig. 117).

To the south-west of the Propylon Mrs. Blegen completed the uncovering of a broad stucco-paved passage that led toward the court of the south-western wing. Beyond and alongside the roadway she also cleared a large pantry from which more than 800 vases were recovered. These vessels, representing some twenty-five different types (Figs. 12-17), had evidently been kept on wooden shelves and neatly arranged by shapes, among which one- and two-handled goblets (kylixes) are by far the most numerous. Was this possibly a shop where pottery was sold, or did the rules of hospitality require that

well-planned drainage system in this quarter of the palace. Some of the pottery recovered in these underground channels seems to go back to a phase considerably earlier than that represented by the material found on the floors.

Mrs. Blegen exposed a complex of rooms and corridors in the area behind the hypostyle hall in the south-western wing of the palace. This quarter, too, shows a plan of striking regularity with tidily parallel walls, although the general orientation diverges slightly from that of the megaron complex. A small chamber, probably a kitchen scullery, first encountered in 1939, partly excavated in 1953, was wholly cleared in 1955. It produced several hundred pots in undecorated ware, cooking vessels on three legs, small, wide-mouthed jars, braziers, broad, flat pans with ring handles, flat-bottomed bowls, and other domestic types. Some of these had been arranged in rows resting on the floor.

Digging behind the Throne Room, under the supervision of Rolf Hubbe, revealed yet another small pantry and two larger magazines (Fig. 5) containing seventeen and sixteen pithoi respectively. The pantry, accessible from the south-west through Pantry No. 5, was heaped up at each end with relatively small pots, chiefly shallow tea-cups, deeper cups of the type with a single high-swung handle, and shallow bowls or saucers with horizontal, pinched-out handles. They had once no doubt been



FIG. 1. THE PALACE OF A HOMERIC HERO-KING: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF NESTOR, BASED ON THE EXCAVATIONS AT PYLOS.

This reconstruction drawing, which is reprinted from our issue of August 27, 1955, was specially made for *The Illustrated London News* by Alan Sorrell, after a visit which he paid to the site at Pylos in the summer of 1954. As can be seen from Fig. 2, later

excavations have somewhat altered the ground plan; and this drawing is not claimed as a fully-authenticated reconstruction, but rather as a very probable idea of what the palaces of the heroes of the *Iliad* were like.

Precise chronological conclusions must await further study; but we believe that the building was destroyed in a great fire about 1200 B.C. and that the site was never reoccupied.

The main entrance to the north-eastern wing of the palace was cleared under the supervision of Demetrios Theocharis. It stood on the south-eastern slope of the hill, an elegant propylon, aligned with the Throne Room, though not placed along the central axis of the latter (Fig. 3). The gateway has a simple plan, with a central opening in the door-wall, and in each façade, outer and inner, one axial column stood between the ante that terminated the lateral walls. Outside lay a broad court with stucco pavement, the extent of which has not yet been ascertained. Inside was the inner court of the megaron.

The columns, which had been set on heavy stone bases, were made of wood; each bore sixty neatly-carved flutings, as may be concluded from the impressions left in the decorative stucco moulding that was laid against the lower end of the shaft. Several coats of stucco were recognised, each retaining traces of red paint. The walls of the gateway were finished with fine plaster showing remains of wall paintings, innumerable fragments of which had fallen to the floor. Here, too, were found several shattered pots,

refreshments be offered to visitors at their very entrance into the palace?

Farther to the north-west Lord William Taylour supervised the clearing of several rooms alongside the court of the megaron as well as a large part of the court between the two wings of the palace. One of the chambers, accessible from the court of the megaron, was apparently a waiting-room, equipped on two sides with a white stuccoed bench (Fig. 4) exhibiting traces of painted decoration. In a plaster-coated stand in a corner stood remains of a large jar, which may once have kept wine cool; and on the floor of an adjoining room was found a great mass of fallen drinking cups badly warped and almost vitrified by the heat of the fire which had raged in this part of the building.

In a continuation of the passage that led to the court of the south-western wing Lord William found a complete pedestalled stone lamp (Fig. 9), its bowl bordered by a flat rim that bears carved decoration in low relief representing a spiraliform or snail-shell motive. The south-western court yielded many large ashlar blocks fallen from the exterior wall of the megaron wing, a good deal of scattered pottery, and part of a terra-cotta figurine of the crescent type. Lord William also began an investigation of the

stacked on wooden shelves built against the walls of the room.

The two magazines, both with stucco floor, are almost equal in size; in each a clay bench, ca. 0.40 m. high, runs around all four sides, except in front of doorways. The pithoi were set close together and deep in these benches, with their bottoms sunk to a level below that of the floor of the room, and only necks and rims projecting above the top of the bench. The rims were in all instances found broken, evidently having been cut away by ploughing in modern times. But many fragments have survived along with shattered pieces of large lids of two types that once covered the jars.

The benches regularly had face and top coated with stucco. This was presumably a precautionary measure to prevent the formation of mud in the magazine when liquid was spilled. But burying the jar deep in the clay of the bench might also contribute to keeping the contents cool. In the western corner of the south-western magazine an ovoid construction, made of stones and clay and coated with plaster all around its exterior, interrupted the benchlike stand (Fig. 5). Whether this was here from the beginning or was added on a later occasion has not yet been determined. Rising to a level approximately even with

(Continued on opposite page.)



FIG. 2. "THE PALACE OF NESTOR" AT PYLOS AS REVEALED AT THE END OF THE 1955 SEASON. (A) ARCHIVES ROOM; (AA) ANNEXE TO ARCHIVES ROOM; (B) BATHROOM; (C OR CC) COURTS OPEN TO SKY; (H) LARGE HALLS IN SOUTH-WEST WING; (M) MAGAZINES OR STORES; (P) PORTICO OF MEGARON; (PR) PROPYLON OR MAIN GATEWAY; (R) RAMP; (S) STAIRWAYS TO UPPER FLOOR; (T) THRONE ROOM; (V) VESTIBULE TO THRONE ROOM.

WHERE NESTOR ENTERTAINED TELEMACHUS:
THE GREAT PALACE AT PYLOS REVEALED.



FIG. 3. THE SOUTH-EAST-NORTH-WEST AXIS OF THE PALACE, SHOWING FROM FRONT TO BACKGROUND: THE PROPYLON, COURT, PORTICO, VESTIBULE AND THRONE ROOM. ON THE LEFT, ARCHIVES ROOM.



FIG. 4. WHERE SUPPLIANTS TO KING NESTOR WOULD WAIT HIS PLEASURE: A WAITING-ROOM NEAR THE THRONE ROOM, WITH A STUCCOED BENCH IN THE CENTRE.

Continued.
the top of the bench, it was probably a loading platform on which skins or other containers could be rested when the storage jars were being filled or emptied. In this room on the bench and on the floor were found thirty-three inscribed tablets and fragments of tablets (Fig. 7). Application of Ventris's phonetic values has in five instances revealed the word E-LA-WO (=elaion), and we may thus take it as certain that olive oil was stored in the large jars in this magazine. Whether the adjoining storeroom served the same purpose or was the wine-cellar it is yet too early to tell. Under the direction of Miss Marion Rawson the greater

[Continued above, right.]

Continued.
part of the north-eastern side of the building has now been cleared. This section comprises a long corridor (Fig. 6) flanking the Throne Room and giving access through doorways to two suites of chambers, for the most part probably store-rooms. In one of the latter were revealed a dozen large jars, set in a row against the walls of the room; they had once contained olive oil which had burned furiously in the great fire that destroyed the palace, thereby causing especially severe damage in this quarter of the building. Many small fragments of delicately carved ivory, some bits of gold, silver and bronze, and other remnants, had fallen from the apartments on the floor above, which probably constituted the living quarters of the Royal family. The ladies no doubt possessed on their dressing tables ivory toilet boxes, combs, brushes, mirrors, and other necessary items of equipment. On each side of the Vestibule in front of the Throne Room a stairway led to the upper storey. Eight stone steps (Fig. 18) were found still in position on the north-east; the evidence observed indicates that the flight

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 5. THE SAME AXIS OF THE PALACE AS FIG. 3, BUT IN THE REVERSE DIRECTION. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE THRONE ROOM AND STORAGE JARS IN CLAY BENCHES.



FIG. 6. THE LONG CORRIDOR, LYING BETWEEN THE THRONE ROOM AND MAGAZINE (RIGHT) AND A RANGE OF STORE-ROOMS. AT THE FAR END, THE NORTH-EAST STOA.

THE PANTRY RECORDS AND DOMESTIC STORES OF A HERO OF THE "ILIAD."

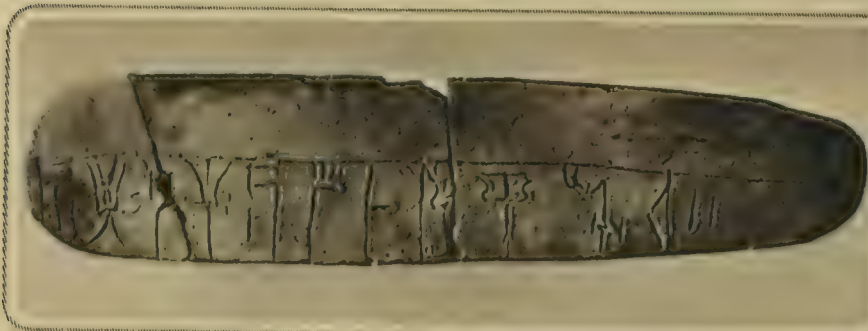


FIG. 7. A TABLET FOUND IN A MAGAZINE CONTAINING SEVENTEEN LARGE JARS. THE INSCRIPTION, WHICH IS IN LINEAR B SCRIPT, SEEMS TO RECORD A DEDICATION OF OLIVE OIL TO THE LORD POSEIDON.



FIG. 8. A TABLET FOUND AMONG JARS WHICH HAD FALLEN FROM AN UPPER FLOOR, NEAR THE BATHROOM. IT SEEMS TO RECORD A QUANTITY OF OLIVE OIL, SHOWING TWO MEASURES OF THE LARGEST UNIT, ONE OF THE NEXT AND TWO OF THE SMALLEST.



FIG. 9. A PEDESTALLED STONE LAMP, WITH SNAIL-SHELL DECORATION IN RELIEF, IN A PASSAGE NEAR TO THE S.W. COURT.



FIG. 10. A BEARDED HUMAN HEAD IN GOLD AND NIELLO (ENLARGED). FROM A SILVER CUP.

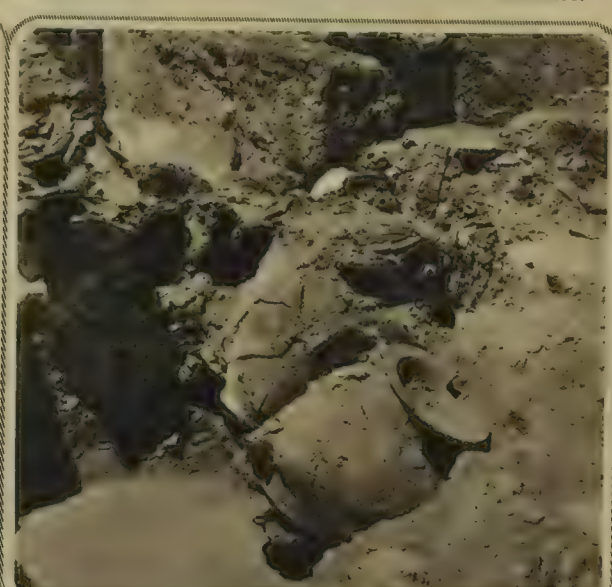


FIG. 11. A STORAGE JAR WITH PAINTED DECORATION IN A LATE PALACE STYLE. FALLEN FROM AN UPPER FLOOR.



FIG. 12. TWO WATER VESSELS WITH SIMPLE PAINTED DECORATION: FROM A PANTRY IN THE SOUTH-WEST WING.

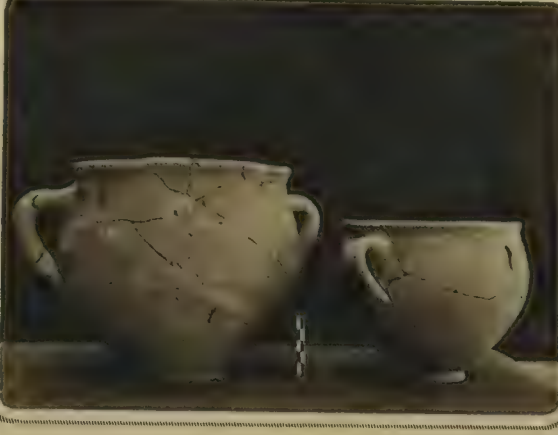


FIG. 13. A PAIR OF TWO-HANDLED BOWLS WITH FLAT BASES, UNDECORATED, AND TYPICAL OF MANY FOUND.



FIG. 14. TWO ELEGANT THREE-HANDLED VASES, WITH PAINTED DECORATION, SUPERIOR TO THE MAJORITY IN THIS GROUP.



FIG. 15. FIVE PLAIN COOKING VESSELS WITH THREE LEGS, THE UPPER PARTS PIERCED FOR THE ESCAPE OF STEAM.



FIG. 16. A LARGE, NOBLY-SHAPED BUT PLAIN VESSEL WITH TWO HANDLES AND A POURING SPOUT.



FIG. 17. A PAIR OF PLAIN DIPPERS WITH HANDLES AND SPOUTS: FROM THE SOUTH-WEST PANTRY.

Continued.] originally comprised twenty-one steps. Flanking the court of the megaron on the north-east was a colonnade, with a façade of two columns; it probably supported a balcony which afforded a fine view of all that went on in the court. The columns, made of wood, were fluted, each provided with sixty delicate flutings, as shown by the impressions left in the inner edge of the decorative stucco moulding that surrounded the lower end of the shaft. The balcony itself was also constructed of heavy wooden timbers, many charred and uncharred remnants of which were recovered. Behind the colonnade and accessible through a lateral doorway and passage and a lobby, was a suite of smallish rooms and a porch that led to a well-enclosed court of no great size. The lobby was filled with burned debris obviously fallen from an upper storey (Fig. 19): remains of at least a dozen large jars, many bearing painted decoration in a late kind of Palace Style (Fig. 11) were heaped up in utter confusion, some apparently lacking bottom,

others neck and rim. Fourteen inscribed tablets and fragments of tablets (Fig. 8) found in this wreckage may be recognised as dealing with stores of olive oil; and the presence of this highly combustible matter in the jars would readily account for the intensity of the fire. From the lobby a doorway opened south-eastward into a bathroom (Fig. 20). In one corner is a stucco-coated stand into which had been set two big storage jars probably to hold a supply of water for the bath, or possibly wine for the bathers, since the jars still contained respectively seven and nine stemmed wine-cups. The bath itself (Fig. 21), made of terra-cotta and decorated with spiraliform patterns in light paint on a dark ground, had been fixed into an oblong, vat-like support built of clay or crude brick. A stucco-coated clay step made it easy to get into the bath, and the outer edge of the latter, rolled over in a broad curve (if intentional and not caused by the fusing effects of the fire) further facilitated access. The bath has no exit for the water,

[Continued on opposite page.]

WHERE NESTOR'S DAUGHTER, POLYKASTE, BATHED ODYSSEUS' SON.



FIG. 18. A STONE STAIRCASE LEADING FROM THE SIDE OF THE LONG CORRIDOR TO AN UPPER STOREY. EIGHT STEPS OF AN ORIGINAL TWENTY-ONE STILL SURVIVE *IN SITU*.

Continued.
and waste must have been ladled out upon the floor of the room from which it escaped through a drain. On the floor of the bath we found a small kylix, broken but complete. May we take this as evidence that bathers were sometimes refreshed with wine while taking their bath? It was presumably in a bath such as this that the young Telemachus was bathed and anointed with oil by Polykaste, daughter of Nestor, as told in the "Odyssey." During the past two seasons much progress was made in the cleaning and study of the frescoes that have been found in profusion. On the evidence now available we believe that a

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 19. WHERE THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THE PALACE WAS EXCEPTIONALLY FIERCE: A STORE-ROOM NEXT THE BATHROOM, FULL OF LARGE JARS ORIGINALLY HOLDING OLIVE OIL.

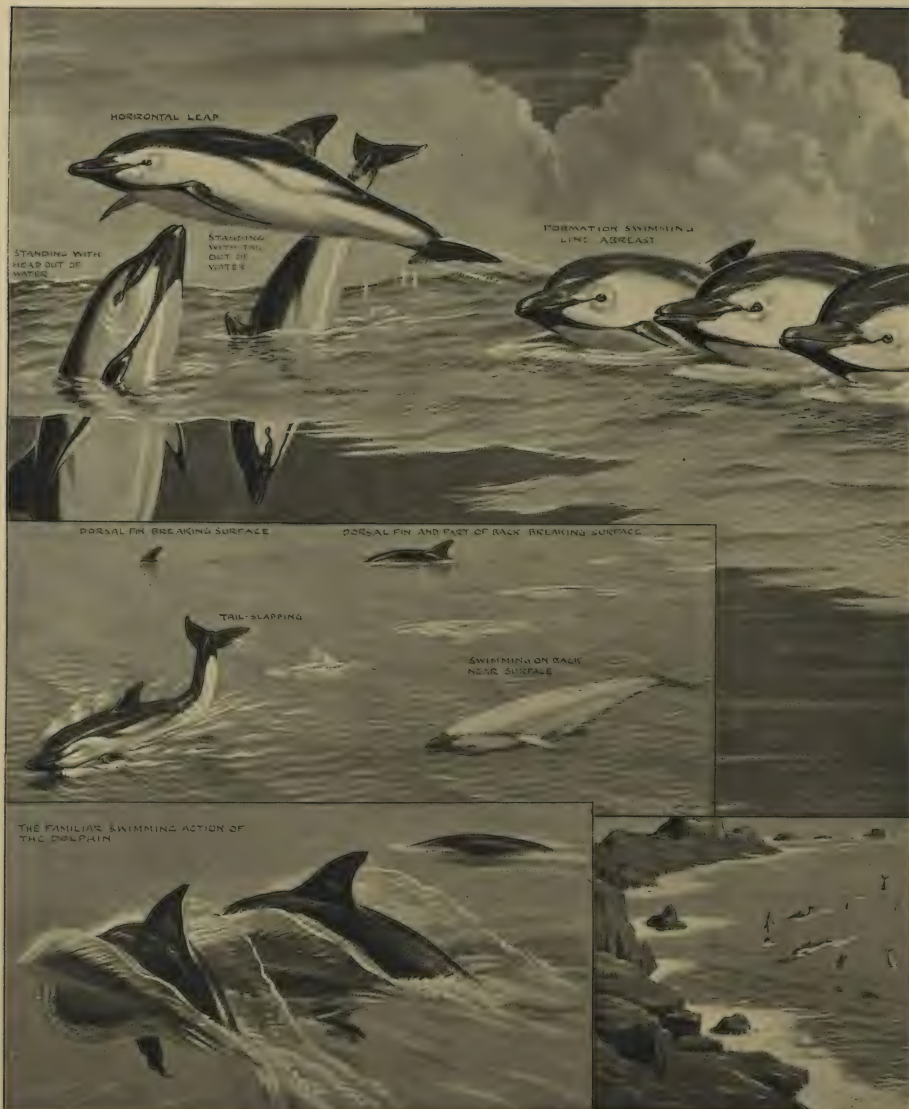


FIG. 20. WHERE POLYKASTE, NESTOR'S DAUGHTER, BATHED ODYSSEUS' SON, TELEMACHUS: THE BATHROOM OF THE PALACE, SHOWING, RIGHT CENTRE, THE TERRA-COTTA BATH; AND, FOREGROUND, TWO WINE STORAGE JARS.



FIG. 21. NESTOR'S BATH—A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW THE DETAIL. THE INTERIOR HAS A WHITE SPIRAL PAINTED DECORATION ON A RED GROUND. INSIDE, A BROKEN WINE-CUP.

Continued.
heraldic composition of griffins and lions—guardians of the king—occupied the wall behind the throne in the Throne Room. The arrangement, as envisaged by our artist, Piet de Jong, was evidently much like that in the Room of the Throne at Knossos, a feature in the Minoan Palace which, it is most likely, represents a remodelling carried out by some Mycenaean conqueror from the mainland. Fragments recovered farther to the right from the same wall in the Throne Room preserved part of a scene showing a seated male figure playing a five-stringed lyre and charming a large birdlike creature. Reference to some myth connected with Orpheus is probably to be recognised here. The hindquarters of a speckled deer appear in a garden or rural setting on another fragment. This painting probably came from a room on the upper floor beside the Throne Room. From the south-western hypostyle Hall H we have a frieze of griffins in faded red or pink. Fragments found on the floor of this hall, and perhaps fallen from an upper storey, may belong to a large picture representing the capture of a hill town or a citadel from which the hapless defenders are being hurled to death below in a scene of mass carnage.



BEHAVING LIKE LEWIS CARROLL'S "SLITHY TOVES": DOLPHINS—WHICH "DID GYRE AND GIMBLE IN

"Porpoises at play" is a familiar phrase, and the spectacle which gives rise to it is commonly enough seen. Whether their antics constitute play in either our sense or Lewis Carroll's sense is a matter of opinion: their actions may have a more utilitarian or functional value. In the large marine aquaria, of which there are now several in the U.S.A., play in the sense of fun or a recreational activity has been seen in individual porpoises, or even in small groups. Most of this has taken place under water or, by individuals, at the surface and induced, in part at least, by the human attendants. The results obtained in these aquaria still leave open the question whether what we see happening at the surface, in the open sea, is a continuation, or whether pure play takes place under water and the sporting on the surface is an entirely different activity. Although we more often speak of

porpoises playing, it is, in fact, the common dolphin that does this the more obtrusively. Cutting through the difficulties caused by this confusion in the naming of closely-related animals, and leaving the precise distinction between dolphin and porpoise to the expert, for the moment, let us try to analyze what it is we see taking place when a school of cetaceans is sporting in the bay. To begin with, play of any kind is apt to reflect or foreshadow the more serious purposes of life. For that reason, it is not always possible, especially with animals, to be certain whether what they are doing at a given moment is of serious import or is bordering on the frivolous. When animals perform evolutions which are an exaggeration of normal actions we can begin to suspect that the motive lies in *pure joie de vivre*. That is, there is no serious underlying purpose or intent. When a dolphin stands on its

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



THE WABE" EITHER FOR THE SHEER JOY OF LIFE OR, POSSIBLY, FOR SOME MORE USEFUL PURPOSE.

head or its tail and maintains that posture for a perceptible passage of time, it is difficult to believe that it is doing it for any other reason than that it enjoys doing it. Again, when the leaping and jumping are accompanied by more than usual splashing of water we are strikingly reminded of human individuals enjoying the pleasures of sea-bathing. Indeed, the whole picture of a school of dolphins at such moments is so reminiscent of how we ourselves behave in similar circumstances that it seems inescapable that dolphins are doing much the same things and for much the same reasons as we do when we play in the sea. Turning on the back while swimming, at the surface or completely immersed, or leaping out of the water, obliquely or vertically, and twisting to fall on to the back or side, can have nothing in it that is not purely pleasurable. The infectiousness of pure play is also seen

in those brief moments when a half-dozen dolphins carry out simultaneously the same movement and in the orderly fashion seen in our organised games. If any further proof were needed that dolphins really do play as a group, or school, it lies in the way they choose a definite playing ground. They may swim up and down the bay, or in the open sea, for a half-hour or more, obviously busy, feeding probably, and during that time we may see only the dorsal fin, or part of the back, or at most one of them leaping out occasionally. Then, suddenly, the school will assemble and gambol in the one place; and as suddenly the game is over and they depart on their business. In his article on page 262, Dr. Burton discusses "Dolphin Play," and describes a magnificent view he had of a school of dolphins playing in a bay in the south of Cornwall last summer.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DOLPHIN PLAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WE went to Cadgwith, in Cornwall, last summer. A friend who had just returned from there telephoned to tell me of the magnificent view he had had of "porpoises" playing in the bay. Well, I had seen "porpoises" before, but there was a ring of enthusiasm in his voice which suggested that he had seen an unusual display. A fortnight later, during our first evening at Cadgwith, a guest staying in the same house told of having watched "porpoises" playing in the bay on the previous day. Although he talked with enthusiasm and delight of the spectacle he had witnessed, there were three solid items only that emerged from his conversation. The first was that the display had lasted at least three-quarters of an hour. The second, that it took place between ten and eleven in the morning. The third, that a feature of the play was for the "porpoises" to leap vertically into the air, often as many as ten being in the air at one time. I have put porpoises in inverted commas because one can seldom be sure which the eyewitness has seen.

As I say, I have often seen porpoises and dolphins, from the shore or at sea, but never have I seen the displays such as were now being described. Such a thing was just what I had been hoping for for some time, because I wanted to analyse more carefully this so-called play in porpoises and dolphins. There is a tendency to deny in animals a capacity for play in the

have been the head of a torpedo rising momentarily from the water.

Dinner over, we hurried to our station on the cliff-top, hopefully; and this time not in vain. Almost at the foot of the cliff, in a calm, crystal sea, a school of common dolphins was at play.

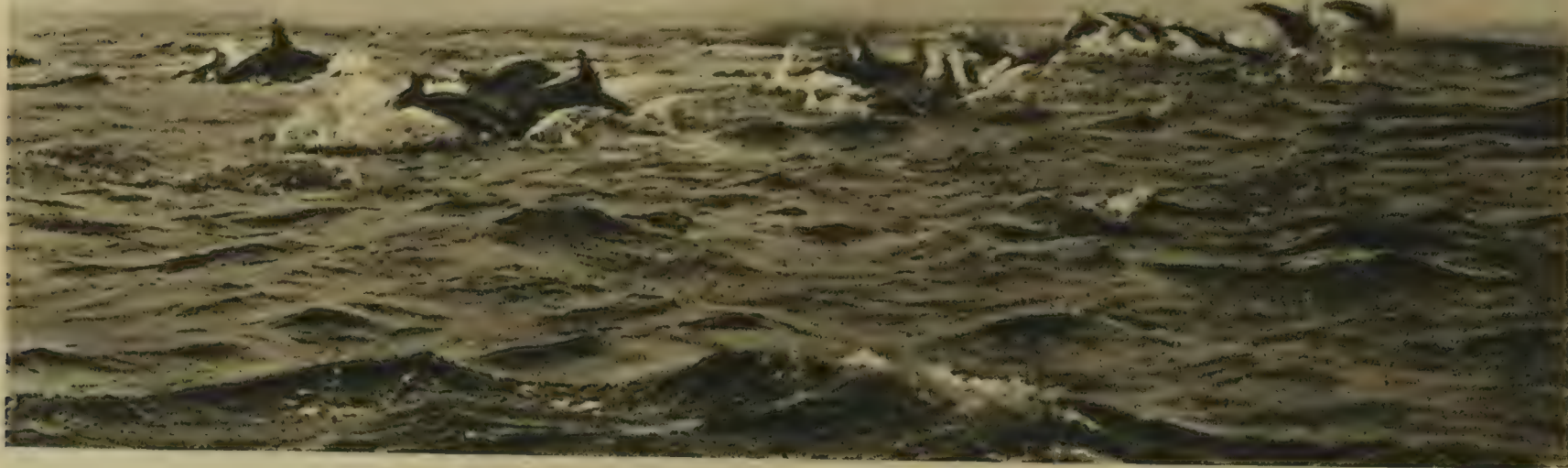
Bringing together all I have seen of dolphins and porpoises, including this last magnificent view, it seems that we can sort out their behaviour at or near the surface in the following sequence. They may swim just beneath the surface, raising the head intermittently for the blowhole to break surface but without exposing any other part. Usually the body is moving in a slight, undulating course. Let the body be lifted a few inches and we have the dorsal fin appearing and disappearing at the surface or cutting water at the surface in runs of several seconds' duration. By lifting the body more, we have the familiar sight of the body, surmounted by the dorsal fin, curving out of the water and under again, in which action the snout may or may not show at the surface. A slight extension of these movements would carry the animal clear of the water in a more or less horizontal leap or one obliquely upwards, and if we can then visualise a more vigorous undulatory

when a dolphin swims for some time at the surface, deliberately raising the tail and bringing it down on the water with a loud smack. This may be repeated ten times or more in succession with intervals of two to four seconds between each smack.

Such, then, is a bare recital of the individual actions, all carried out at speed and seemingly deliberate. Even so, it still does not follow that these actions constitute pure play. It has been suggested that certain fishes given to leaping from the water, apparently in play, are merely ridding themselves of surface parasites. The same may be true of dolphins and porpoises, or it may be suggested that the splashing and smacking have some other therapeutic value. Such explanations cannot be excluded. Friction massage, pommelling, and the rest, are favoured by health-seeking humans, but we do not label such therapy as play.

It seems to me, however, that there are three factors yet to be noted which identify the dolphins' actions as play. It may be play having, incidentally, a therapeutic value, but, in fact, all play is health-giving without being any the less enjoyable, or fun in its unadulterated sense. These three factors are as follows: there is a playground, there is the appearance of organised games, and the mood is infectious.

In the several instances I have now witnessed, which agree with verbal descriptions collected from



PLAYING AMID THE WAVES: A SCHOOL OF COMMON DOLPHINS TRAVELLING AT THE SURFACE.

The sight of dolphins or porpoises or other small whales is not uncommon. For the most part we only see the dorsal fins appearing and reappearing, or it may be part of the back or even the head and forequarters, followed by the tail, as the beasts breach

the surface of the water and dive again. The common dolphin gives the appearance of being more playful than the others. Whether this is so, whether indeed dolphins really do play, is a matter which has not been studied as fully as we could wish.

Photograph by Dr. F. C. Fraser.

human sense of the word—that is, play as a deliberate recreational activity carried out largely for fun. Certainly, many animal activities we normally label as play have a solely functional or utilitarian value, and are no more play than when a man bends down twelve times each morning to touch his toes in order to keep fit.

The following morning, with an optimism characteristic of naturalists and those who bet on horses, we stationed ourselves at a high point on the cliffs overlooking the bay. At 10.45 a.m. precisely, a small, dark, triangular body broke surface in the sea below, remained in view for five seconds and then disappeared. Two more fins followed, and that was all, although we waited, patiently and hopefully, for two hours.

The top of this cliff became our daily station. The weather was good. There was plenty to watch. And always there was the chance that something might appear. So seven days were spent, pleasant, profitable days, but without porpoises. On the eighth day, in the late afternoon, a school of porpoises appeared out to sea, perhaps a mile off. This time, with binoculars, we could see their rounded backs coming above water. One took a horizontal leap clear of the water, and several seemed to be rolling at the surface. That was all this distant, five-minute view gave us. Then, three days later, just as we were going in to dinner, I took a last look seawards. Beyond the headland I saw two large splashes followed by what might

movement below the surface, it is possible to construe the vertical leap as merely a more energetic thrust in a normal swimming movement. In other words, if this were all, then we should be obliged to regard their playing as nothing more than normal swimming translated to the surface of the sea and carried out with slightly more than normal vigour. Doubtless, on many of the occasions when we see them, this is all that is happening, as when we saw the three dorsal fins break surface and no more.

There is, however, a vast difference between the actions just described and the full display. In the first place, the display is preceded and accompanied by a great deal of splashing, often the splash taking place without any visible appearance of any part of the body above the surface. Then there is a greater variety of movement, much of which is unconnected with any functional activity such as swimming, diving, fishing, and the like. There are the vertical leaps, from which the animal may return to the water on its side, its back or its belly. Often the return is accompanied by a fair-sized "bow wave," best described in the juvenile colloquialism "belly smacking." There is rolling in the water, leaping out and rolling, swimming on the back at or below the surface, standing on the head with the tail held vertically above the surface for an appreciable period of time, and the same action with the head and shoulders held out of water. The most outstanding action is perhaps the tail smacking,

other people, the full display is carried out within a restricted area for a relatively long period of time. The area is approximately a mile square or less, the time up to an hour. During this time, and within this area, the normal needs of life, such as feeding, the search for food, following an itinerary, are set aside. It is playtime, and this, for the moment, is the playground.

I deliberately gave as the second factor the appearance of organised games. This is a difficult point to establish and is based upon such events as two, three or as many as seven dolphins in almost perfect line abreast, simultaneously leaping from the water and repeating this on a straight course. Such unanimity can hardly be accidental on so many occasions.

Finally, there is the infectiousness. The dolphins may at one moment be strung out in a line, doing little more than curving in and out of the water. Then one will start to leap, flap its tail or perform any one of those actions already described, and in a few seconds the whole school, as seen from a cliff-top looking down, is embroiled in a mêlée, weaving, twisting, leaping, under water or at the surface, in a compact bunch. As suddenly, this will end, the school will string out again and the seething group will re-form elsewhere. It is difficult to interpret such an occasion as anything but a romp, purely and simply.

DOLPHINS TAKE TO BASKETBALL: AN EXCITING "MARINELAND" MATCH.



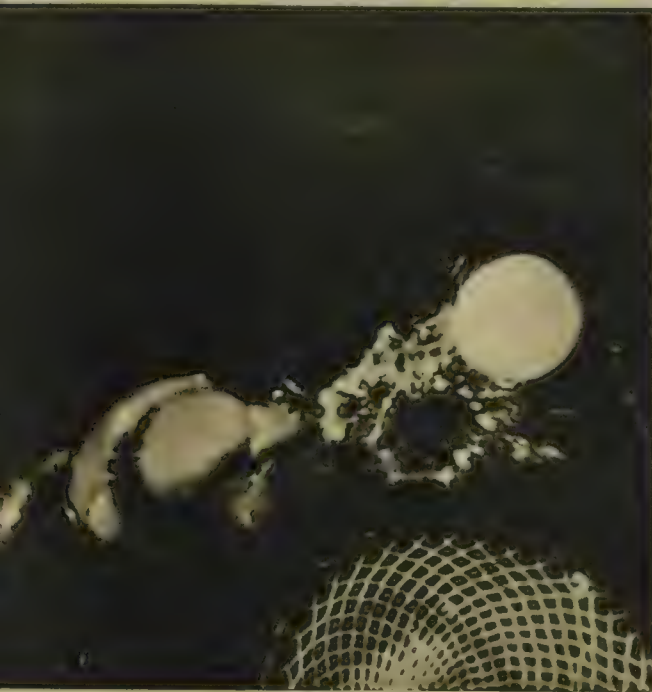
JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO MAKE A GETAWAY WITH THE BALL: THE DOLPHIN IS INTERCEPTED BY ANOTHER.



THE INTERCEPTOR HAS BEEN ROUTED AND THE TRIUMPHANT DOLPHIN MAKES OFF AT SPEED WITH THE BALL.



"SHOOT": THE DOLPHIN PEERS OUT OF THE WATER TO SEE IF IT HAS SCORED A GOAL.



SEEN FROM ABOVE: THE DOLPHIN'S GALLANT TRY FOR A GOAL IS SEEN TO BE A NEAR MISS.



JUST AS THE SHOOTER GETS INTO POSITION ANOTHER DOLPHIN COMES UP TO MAKE A GRAB AT THE BALL.



MORE OPTIMISTIC THAN ACCURATE: A DOLPHIN TOSSES THE BALL IN THE AIR NEAR THE BASKET.



WELL PLAYED, SIR! THE DOLPHIN SEEMS TO SMILE WITH SELF-APPROVAL AFTER SCORING A GOAL.



ALMOST JUMPING FOR JOY: THE GOAL-SCORING DOLPHIN APPEARS TO BE LAUGHING ALOUD AS THE BALL ENTERS THE BASKET.



"LOOK, NO HANDS": AN UNDERWATER SHOT SHOWING HOW THE DOLPHIN CARRIES THE BALL IN ITS JAWS.

Dolphins playing in the sea from what appears to be pure *joie de vivre*, though it is possible that it may have a more useful purpose, are shown on pages 260 and 261 in a series of drawings by our Special Artist, Mr. Neave Parker. On this page we show some incidents from the film-track entitled "On the Ball" (British Movietone News) which shows dolphins enjoying a game, induced in part at least by the human attendants, at "Marineland of the Pacific," near Hollywood, which

is one of the large marine aquaria in the U.S.A. Dr. Burton, writing in *The Illustrated London News* of August 6, 1955, said that, for him, one of the most fascinating results of the studies at the marine aquaria is the suggestion that porpoises and dolphins have a play culture. . . . "In any group there will be young of varying ages, all capable of learning and also initiating games." These photographs seem to bear this out amply.

Photographs by British Movietone News.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WELSH novels—that is to say, Welsh-Welsh novels—are a special taste; if you are not prone to them, the idea of an Aeschylean tragedy in a grimly chapel-going corner of Welsh Wales may make you laugh—it sounds so like a parody of the species—but will also make your heart sink. "A Man's Estate," by Emyr Humphreys (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), has the additional drawback of surprise; in spite of the author's name, we don't expect him to be Welsh-Welsh. And finally, the threshold is peculiarly difficult to surmount. There are four story-tellers: and Number One, a young Cambridge scientist named Esmor-Elis, leads off with an embittered and incoherent snarl. Everyone swindles Philip, or picks his brains. Everyone has constantly done him wrong. His Welsh-Welsh mother gave him away in the cradle to a neurotic aunt, who stuffed him with legends of his "tall great and handsome" father till he was fed to the teeth. He might lay claim to a "miserable little Welsh farm," but would rather "let sleeping bitches lie."

Meanwhile, he has been done out of a fellowship; neurotic aunt won't finance his research; and Margaret's father (the old Bastard, the alcoholic megalomaniac) has the gall to disapprove of him. . . . Yet, he says pathetically, "I want to get on with people. . . . The world is full of rogues and bitches and sluts. I can classify the damn lot but that doesn't seem to help. . . ."

Philip is the Orestes-figure. And from his obscure thrashings-around, we are translated to the dead centre—the farm of Y Glyn, which has been spellbound for thirty years. That was when Mrs. Felix Elis gave away her new-born son, and took Uncle Vavasour as her second husband. They have been calmly running the town ever since—the virile, formidably ugly woman, with her committees and Causes, and the quiet, purblind elderly man who has a threefold purpose in the chapel, his farm, his shop.

And all those years, they may have been waiting for retribution: just as Electra-Hannah, a grey, dry little spinster of thirty-six, has been waiting for her deliverance and "long-lost brother's golden singing return." Hannah is the second of these narrators. A third is her "terrible sister" Ada, love-child of Felix Elis, M.P., and the hateful Winnie Cwm. Hannah is on the Vavasour Elises' side against the Cwms. And she was on their side against her legitimate half-brother Dick—but only because he didn't want her. She would have loved Dick and Ada, if they had only wanted her. Instead she told on them; and Dick was sent away, and killed in the war. And now Ada has annexed the young minister, Idris Powell: though it was Hannah who needed him, who thought of him as a substitute for her dream-brother. . . .

Idris, the incurable butt and "flopper," is the fourth voice. The narrative has astonishing skill and power; it glides from discovery to discovery like a serpent. One can't speak quite so highly of the impersonations, which are too uniform, and apt to be self-conscious in the wrong way; but this is a defect of manner, not of psychology. It is a subtle book—perhaps more subtle than sympathetic; and while it may not convert anyone to Welsh-Welsh fiction, even the most reluctant readers are unlikely to put it down.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Young Man's Fancy," by Adrian Bell (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), gives one the perfect chance to ease off. It has almost no story, and a strong flavour of reminiscence. Roland Pace's father is assistant editor of a Sunday paper, and has a background of Scots peasant intellectualism; while his mother is a frustrated art-student, with traditions of gentility and an English respect for the "best people." For her, it is rather a sad snobbery; she can't get over a feeling of misalliance, because "the dear old dad" once told her journalists were not gentlemanly. But Roland may be trained to make up for it. She has visions of him as a "brilliant, witty writer with a witty Society wife, living in a select part of London. . . ."

Meanwhile, the Pace family are gradually moving out—from Battersea to Streatham, and then to Enfield, during the First World War; and Roland's future is being moulded by his discovery of the country, and his recurrent migraines. First, he embraces "poverty and the plough." Then he is back in London, doing part-time journalism, and collaborating with his Miranda in a never-to-be-written masterpiece on "the essence of life." Mrs. Pace is distraught about Miranda—a kind, perfectly harmless fake-Egeria, from whom he subsequently graduates to a bucolic-literary life with someone more suitable. Though not a bit smarter, alas. . . .

It is rather a scrapbook than a narrative; but the excerpts are beautifully precise, concrete, and in a laconic, reticent way, charming. There was a first volume on Roland Pace, but you don't miss it. On the other hand, this one gets scrappier and slightly dimmer as it goes on. But only as experience does; nothing in later life can have the aura of a child's pleasure in municipal drinking-cups, or his excitement when the tramlines leave off. Mr. Bell has a wonderful album of these details; and his portraits of the father and mother are deeply touching.

"These Lovers Fled Away," by Howard Spring (Collins; 15s.), is described as "moving freely in space and time": which I take to signify that it is an immensely long book, with no very distinct outline. Keats's lovers fled away into the storm in the last lines; Rose Garland and the ultra-poetic Eustace Hawke do it about a third of the way through—and only *pro tem*. at that. For Eustace is not the hero; with Greg Appleby the economist, and Billy Pascoe the physicist, he is one of Chad's three friends—and it is Chad who finally gets the girl, after long years and an earlier marriage on each side. Eustace becomes a saint, while Billy is reduced to despair by the atom bomb; and there is a full-blown Dickensian oddity in Uncle Arthur, the Town Clerk. Effective bits—and as I said, a huge helping of reading-matter.

"The Lost One," by Alan Kennington (Jarrolds; 9s. 6d.), is about a girl waking up in a strange house with a blank mind. The place is Stonegates, in the Welsh Marches; the family are Colonel Ranger, his widowed sister Mrs. Westoby, and Dr. Meredith Ranger, who knocked her down in his car. There was also a niece, Aileen. And then the young man Larry turns up—and accuses her of intent to impersonate Aileen, who disappeared in Germany during the war, and would inherit Stonegates and an immense fortune if she ever came back. It doesn't occur to him that she may be Aileen. Yet the probability seems to grow—and with it, her impression that the genial, forthright Rangers are a bit sinister. We know how sinister, from an occasional glimpse behind the scenes; we don't yet know what they are up to. And when the plot is sprung, there remains a brilliant suspense-finish. Very good value.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BACKGROUND TO WORLD WAR TWO: AND REFERENCE BOOKS.

I CAN remember it so clearly. It was a beautiful summer day in 1944 and I was walking along the Mall with a very distinguished gentleman who was one of the Prime Minister's closest advisers. The news of the July 20 *putsch* in Germany, its failure and the appalling retribution exacted by Hitler had just come through. Said my friend: "Thank God it didn't come off. It would have been disastrous for the post-war world if it had." I felt dubious at the time as some of the conspirators, such as Adam von Trott zu Solz, were old personal friends, whom I knew to be men of the highest honour and integrity. As we now know, so far from the *putsch* being, as Sir Winston described it in the House of Commons, the work of "a small clique of officers," it was a widespread conspiracy involving all that was best in a Germany which had suffered from twelve years of National-Socialism. If Colonel Brandt had not pushed the briefcase containing the bomb to the other side of the heavy oak leg of Hitler's conference table, if, therefore, Hitler had been killed, the coup would have been successful, the war would have been shortened by ten months, and apart from the lives which were lost in the interval, the whole face of post-war Europe would have been changed. There might, for example, have been a free Poland and the Iron Curtain would have been drawn hundreds of miles to the east. The curious thing is that both the British and American intelligence services were fully informed of the intentions of the conspirators, who had been in touch with them (in the case of the British) since 1938 or earlier, and yet the principal authorities in both countries were so woefully misled as to the purpose of the plot and the characters of those who took part in it. "The Shirt of Nessus," by Constantine Fitz Gibbon (Cassell; 21s.), is undoubtedly the best book so far to appear on this sad but fascinating subject. The author provides an excellent and clear description of the July 20 attempt and of the earlier efforts of the group, dating back to pre-war years, to eliminate Hitler. The word "group" must be used loosely. The conspirators ranged from its titular head, the retired philosopher-soldier, General Beck, to the idealistic young Christians of the Kreisau circle, such as Count von Moltke. Indeed, one of the most valuable portions of the book is the appendices which consist of the proclamations which were to have been issued had the coup succeeded. They outline not merely the organisation but the principles on which the new Germany was to have been based, and constitute a moving and noble Christian political-philosophy. I recommend their study to Mr. R. A. Butler, the author of the Conservative "charters," as they might almost have come from his hand. Hitler, as the world knows to its cost, survived and the coup failed. The brave men who took part in it were, with very few exceptions, arrested and executed in an abominably cruel fashion after the most revolting tortures. The whole family of Count von Stauffenberg—indeed anybody who bore the name—men, women and children, were condemned to death, as were the relatives of Dr Goerdeler. Five thousand people were executed, representing the flower of the German aristocracy of birth or intellect. From his death-cell, Goerdeler wrote: "I beg the world to accept our martyr's fate as penance for the German people." As Mr. Fitz Gibbon notes, however, "the world has not, and indeed probably could not. The crimes committed in the name of the German people, and in many cases with that people's tacit approval, were too abominable, the hatred thus created far too intense, for this most Christian plea by a man facing certain death to be acceptable to Germany's conquerors. And Germany was punished, as no great European nation save Russia has been punished in modern times. But it is curious that the world has been so slow to honour, or indeed to recognise, the men of July the 20th."

Mr. Fitz Gibbon condemns the "unconditional surrender" declaration made by Roosevelt and Churchill at Casablanca. So, too, does ex-President Truman in the first volume of his memoirs "Year of Decisions" (Hodder and Stoughton; 30s.), although he makes the point that it was the failure of the allies to complete their victory in 1918 which enabled the "stab in the back" myth to obtain currency. These memoirs show the writer to be a warm-hearted and lovable man, who steadily grew to the stature of the great office to which he was so unexpectedly called. (His description of how he became President is most moving in its simplicity.) The period covered by the memoirs is that of the end of the war in Europe and the Far East, and the growth of tension between the Russians and the West. It is interesting to note how much more clearly and how much sooner the British appreciated the danger from Russia than did their American allies. Interesting, too, is the growth of the regard for Sir Winston Churchill, which is clearly outlined as the book progresses.

I turn next to "The Man With Three Faces," by Hanns-Otto Meissner (Evans; 12s. 6d.). This is the story of Richard Sorge, who appears to have been the greatest of all spies produced (or at any rate, uncovered) by any nation in the last war. Richard Sorge was a Hamburg Communist who was sent after extensive training in Moscow to form an espionage group in Japan in the years preceding the war. With incredible success, he penetrated not merely to the highest political and military ranks in Japan (one of his small group was the trusted adviser of Prince Konoye, the Prime Minister, and was made by him the Government's principal adviser on Chinese affairs), but the German Embassy as well. Somehow he wormed his way into the confidence of the Nazi Party in Germany—Goebbels gave a farewell party for him on the eve of his departure as the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* correspondent in the Far East—and at the most critical stage of the war, was the adviser and confidant of General Ott, the German Ambassador in Tokyo. As such he was not merely able to give his Russian paymasters accurate warning of the German attack on them, but could claim to have saved Russia through one vital piece of information. When the Germans were at the gates of Moscow, Russia's finest remaining intact armies were facing the Japanese in Siberia. Sorge was able to inform the Russians that the Japanese intended to strike southwards at America and Britain, and not against Russia. The Siberian armies—switched with incredible swiftness—shattered the Germans before Moscow, and destroyed their greatest hope of winning the war.

This is the time of year when the reference books make their appearance, and of reference books "Whitaker's Almanack" (17s. 6d.) must take pride of place. This year it has an excellent statistical analysis of the last General Election. The Agricultural pages—always a valuable feature—have been entirely recast, and reference to them is, as a result, greatly facilitated. Another hardy annual, if Mr. L. G. Pine, its excellent editor, will forgive the expression, is "Burke's Peerage" (10gns.). Mr. Pine draws attention in his preface to the natural tendency for the peerage to expand, as honours far more than out-pace extinctions. As a result some not very important features have had to be curtailed this year, but all the essential ingredients are still there.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

Shell Nature Studies 15 BEETLES

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER

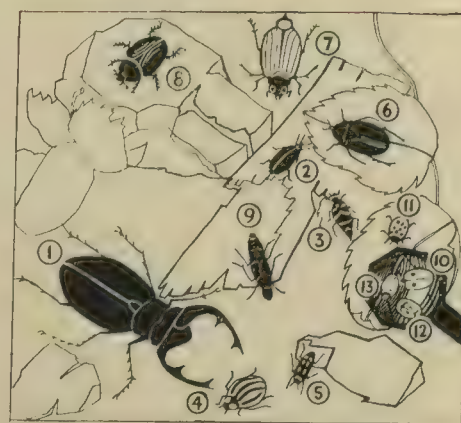


In Britain there are more than 3,600 kinds of beetle. One of the largest is the STAG BEETLE (1) of southern England. Only the male has the antler. Among the prettiest are the RED-HEADED CARDINAL (2), which delights in sunshine (like an allied Cardinal with a black head to his scarlet body); the WASP BEETLE (3); the CORN CHRYSOLINE (4), a rare beetle of North Wales; the GREEN TIGER (5); and the ROSE CHAFER (6), which feeds poetically on rose petals.

The Rose Chafer's less attractive cousins include the destructive COCKCHAFER (7), and the sturdy, inch-long DUMBLE-DOR or LOUSY WATCHMAN (8), which goes humming through the autumn dusk in search of cowpats. This is the beetle of Gray's *Elegy*. Grim and smelly, but another welcome scavenger, is the DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE (9), which twists its tail over its back when provoked.

Ladybirds (i.e. birds of Our Lady) are delightfully vivid on leaf and stem, where they feed usefully on aphids. Everybody knows the TWO-SPOT LADYBIRD (10) and the SEVEN-SPOT LADYBIRD (11). Those with black markings on yellow wing-cases, such as the FOURTEEN-SPOT LADYBIRD (12) and the TWENTY-TWO-SPOT LADYBIRD (13), are less common.

Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd., 38 William IV St., W.C.2, at 6/6 plus 4d. postage.



You can be sure of



The Key to the Countryside



NO TROUBLE FROM GOODYEAR TUBELESS DURING 20 STUNT-DRIVING SHOWS



Experienced motorists who saw the daring car stunts during the recent U.K. tour of the Hollywood Motor Rodeo unanimously agreed that they were the most convincing demonstrations of tyre reliability they had ever seen.

This rodeo certainly proved once again that you can rely on Goodyear Tubeless Tyres — used on the stunt cars. The co-proprietor of the show, Earl Newberry, was so impressed that he wrote to Goodyear at Wolverhampton, where the tyres were made "... I must say that at no time even doing shows under most trying conditions did we have even one tyre failure. We have never experienced as good a record as this in



Punishing blow for Goodyear Tubeless as stunt car leaps from one ramp and crashes down on another (close-up above). The tyres, standard production from the Goodyear factory, lost no pressure and held fast every time.

twenty shows before and I can say nothing but praise for the new Goodyear Tubeless Tyres."

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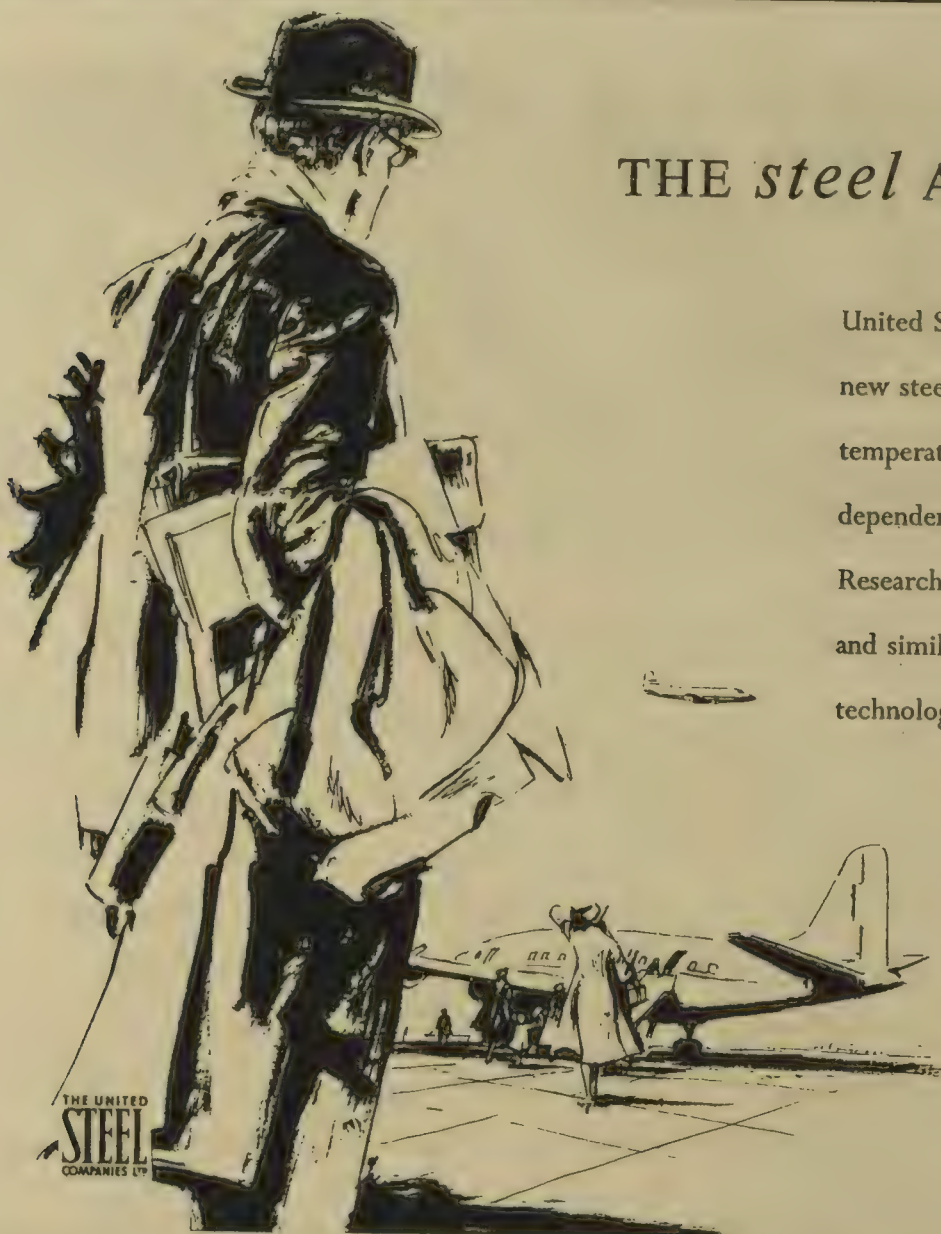
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While, of course, we try to be tremendously light in tone, our deeper aim is to instruct, to show you each country in

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More simply, we hope to show you how, beneath the familiar characteristics individual to individual nations, is an underlying similarity, complementary yet necessarily counter, an equally deep-rooted conjunction of contrasted identities, linked by a sameness of opposites.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by George Him.

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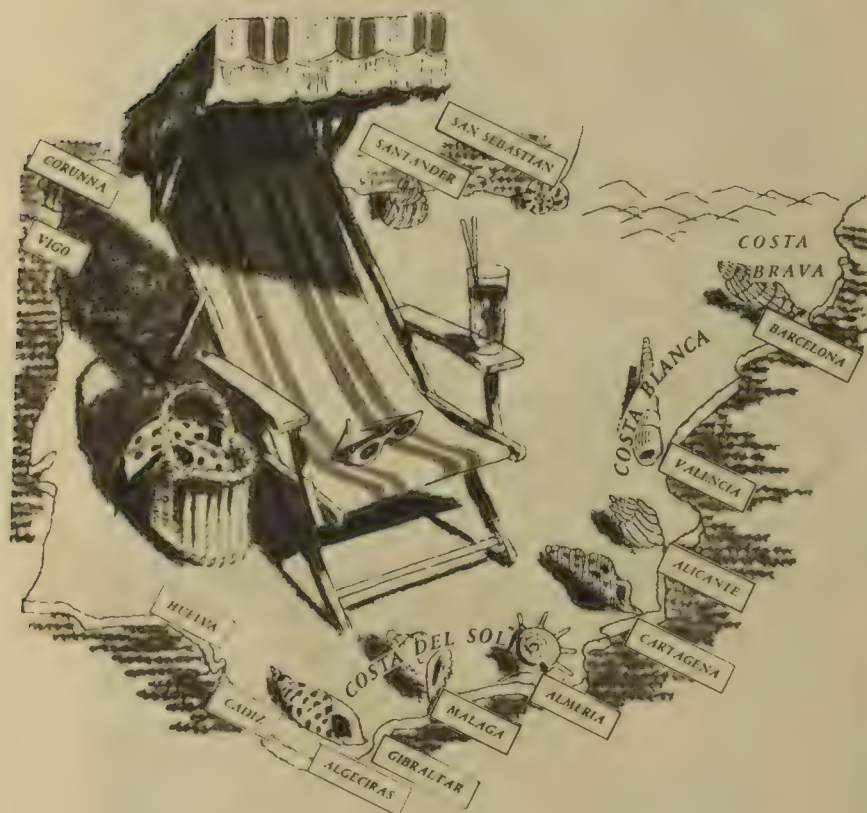


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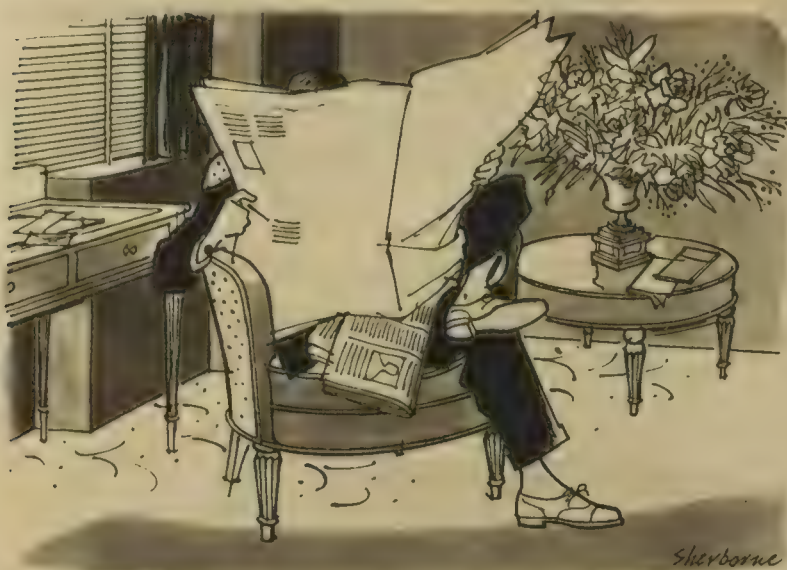
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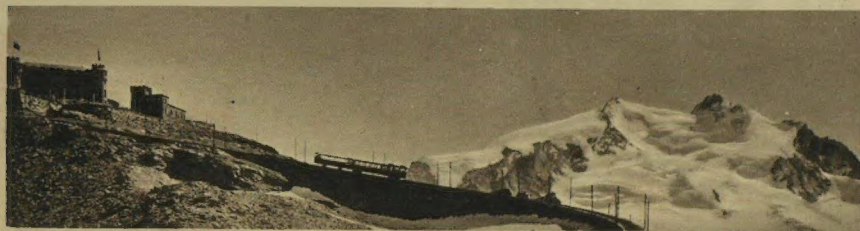
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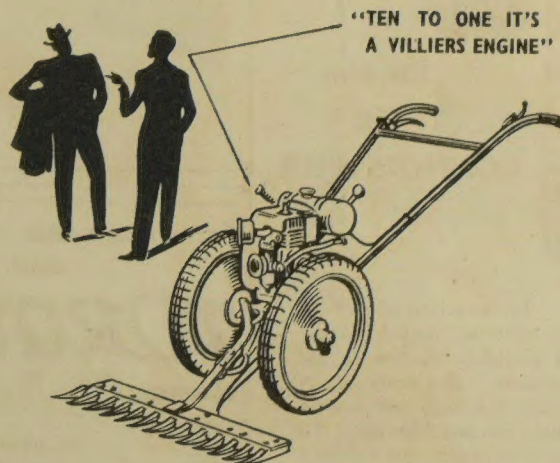
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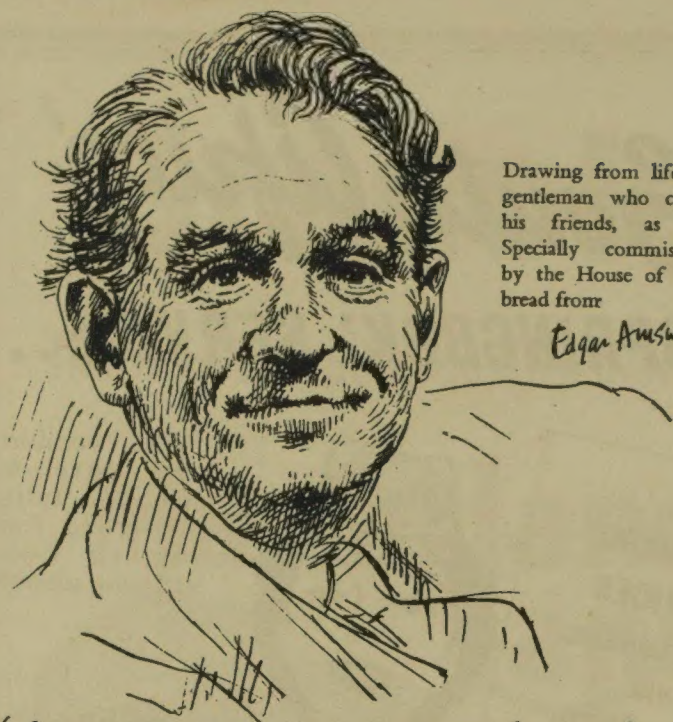
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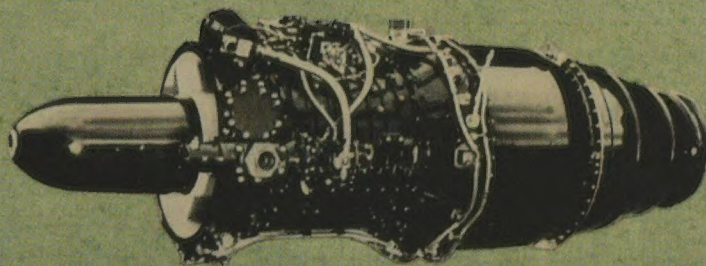
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